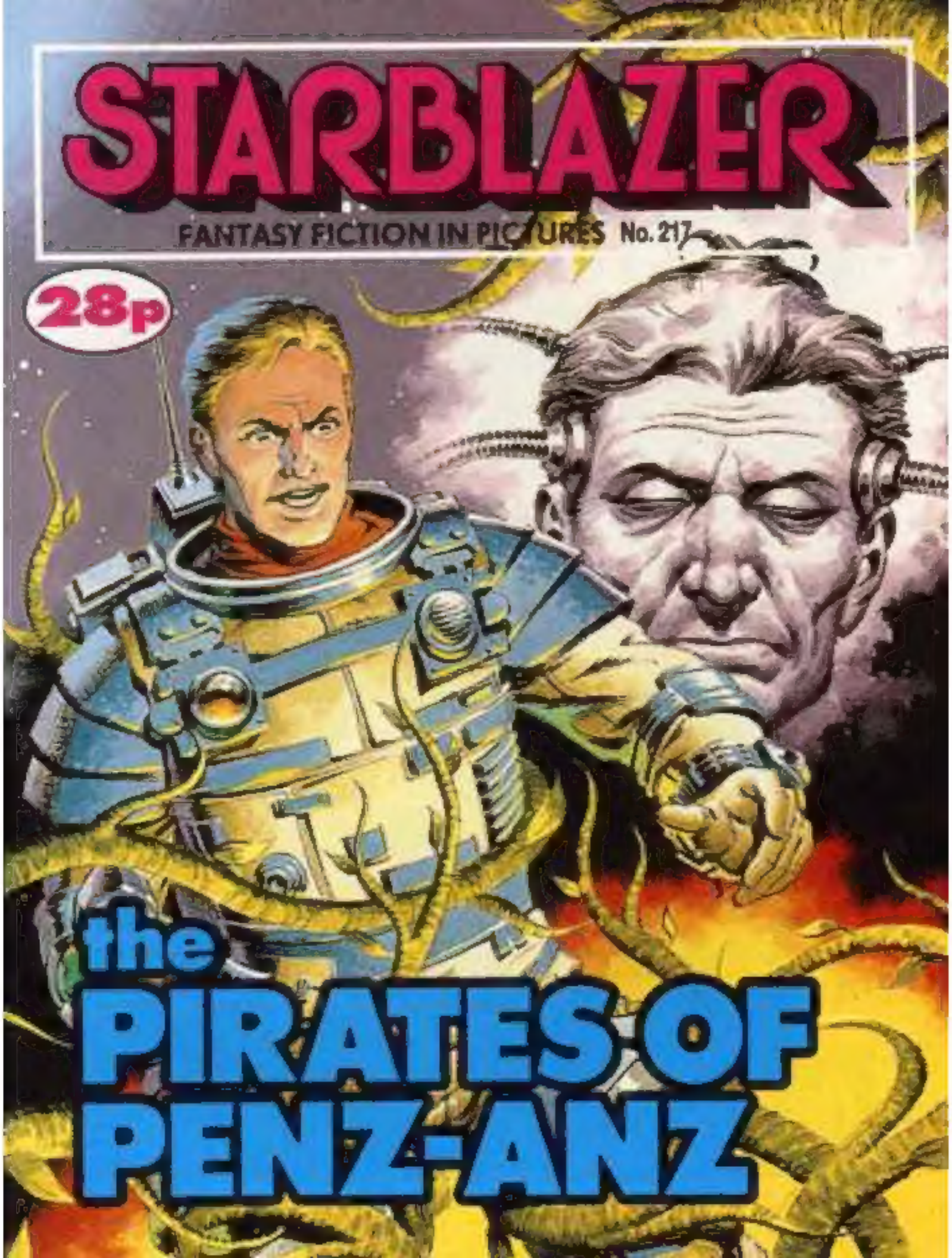
STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 217

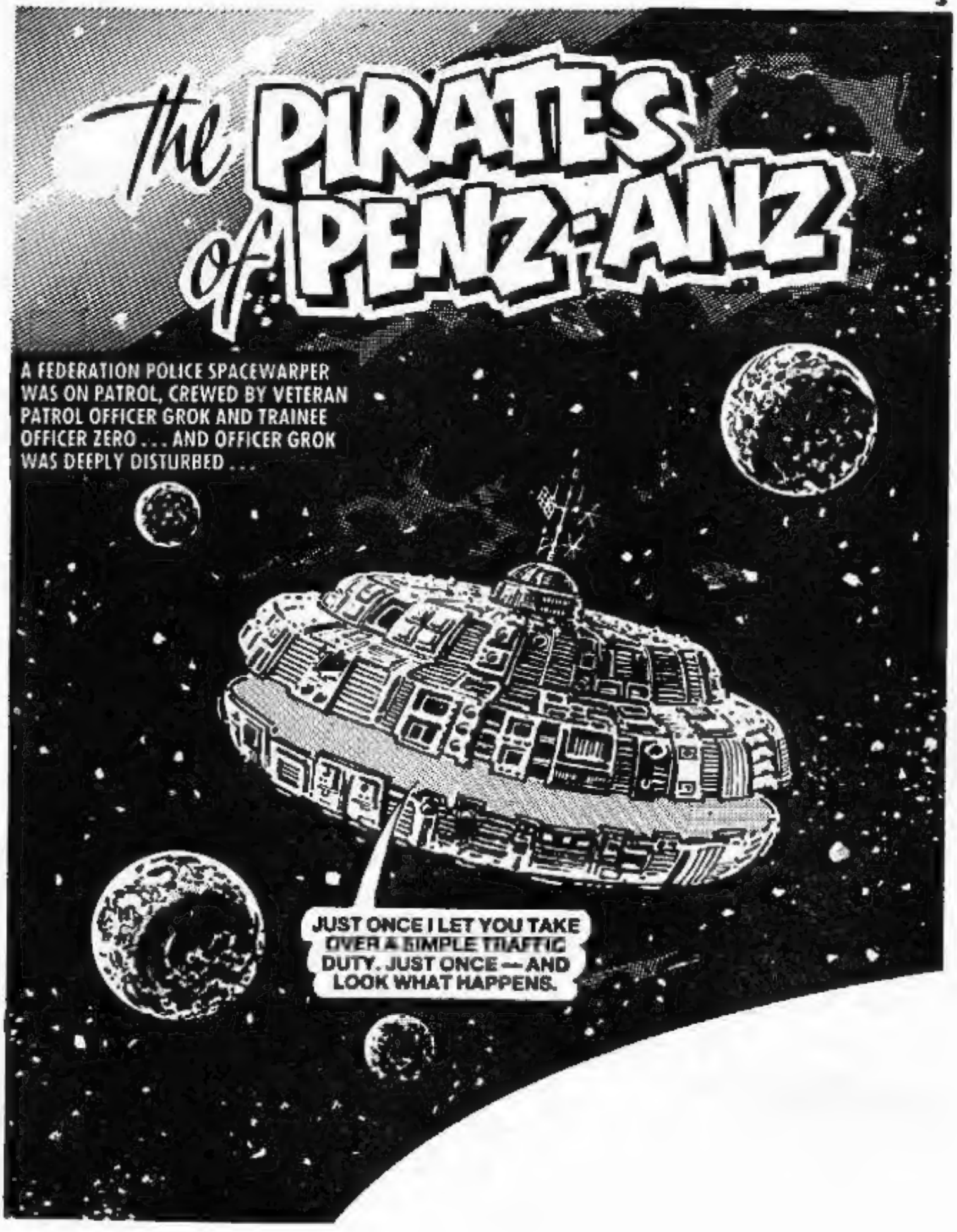
28p



the PIRATES OF PENZ-ANZ

DON'T FORGET THIS MONTH'S *OTHER*

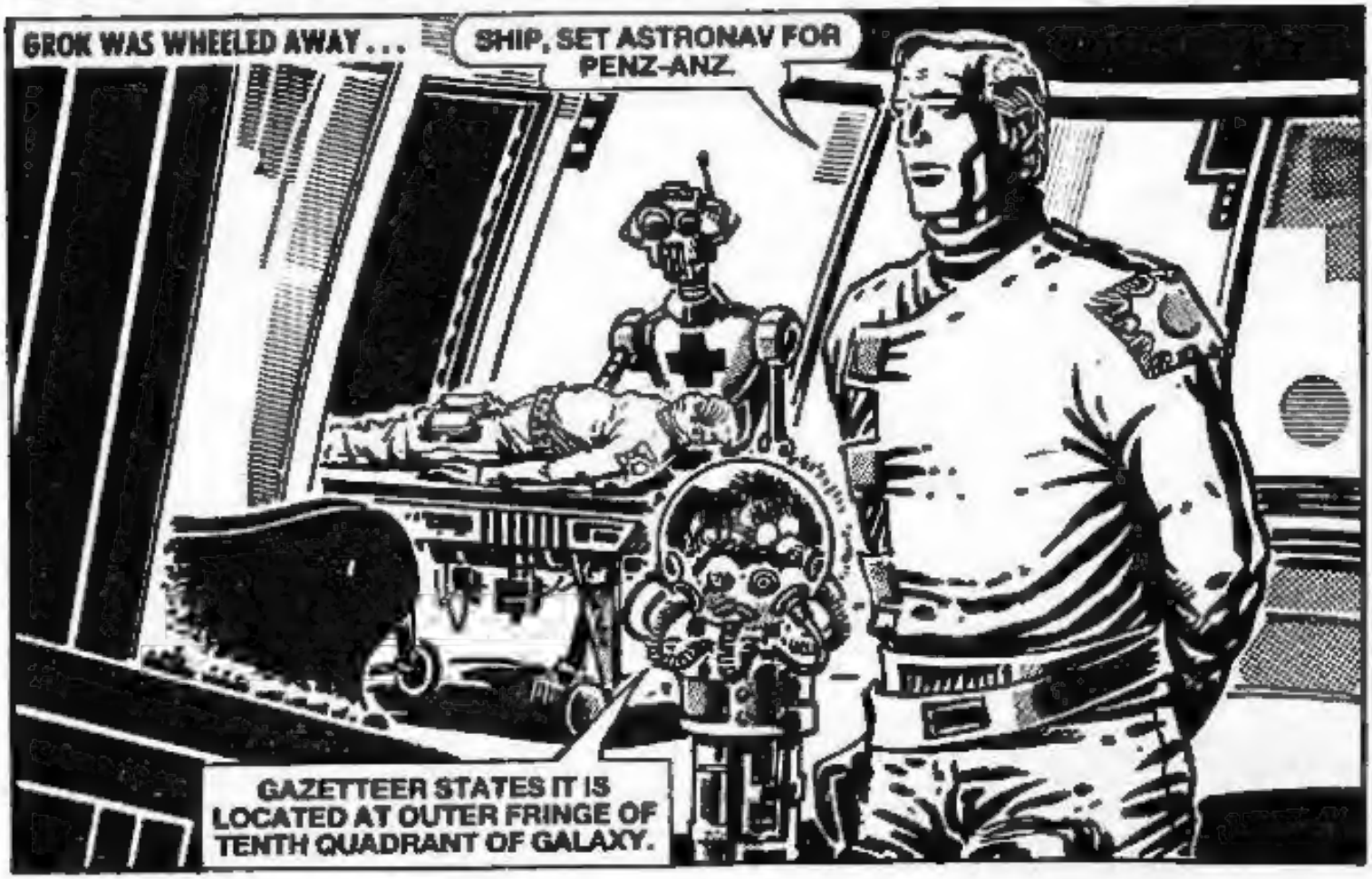
On sale at your newsagent's *NOW!*

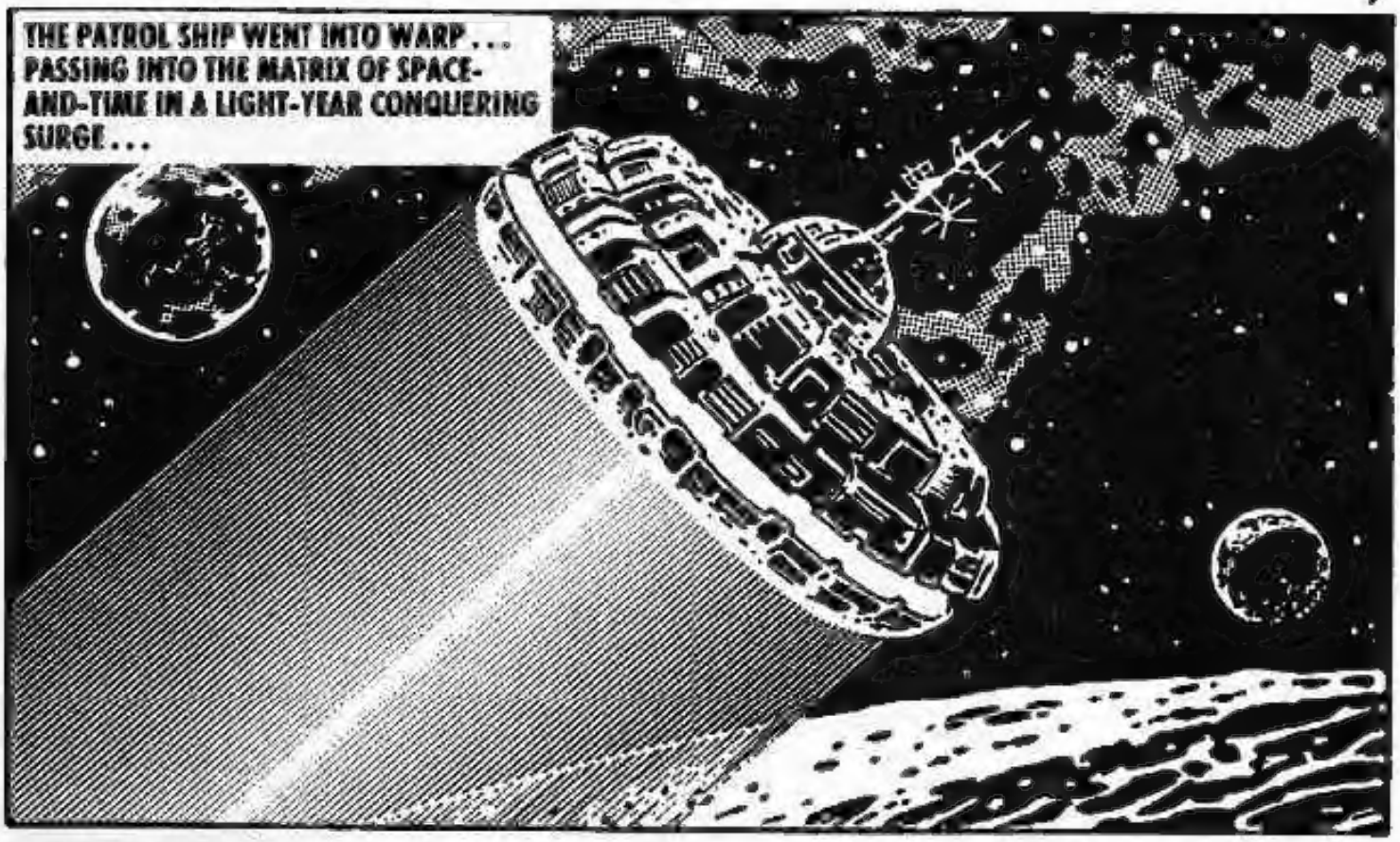

the PIRATES of PENZ-ANZ
A FEDERATION POLICE SPACEWARPER WAS ON PATROL, CREWED BY VETERAN PATROL OFFICER GROK AND TRAINEE OFFICER ZERO . . . AND OFFICER GROK WAS DEEPLY DISTURBED . . .
JUST ONCE I LET YOU TAKE OVER A SIMPLE TRAFFIC DUTY. JUST ONCE — AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENS.

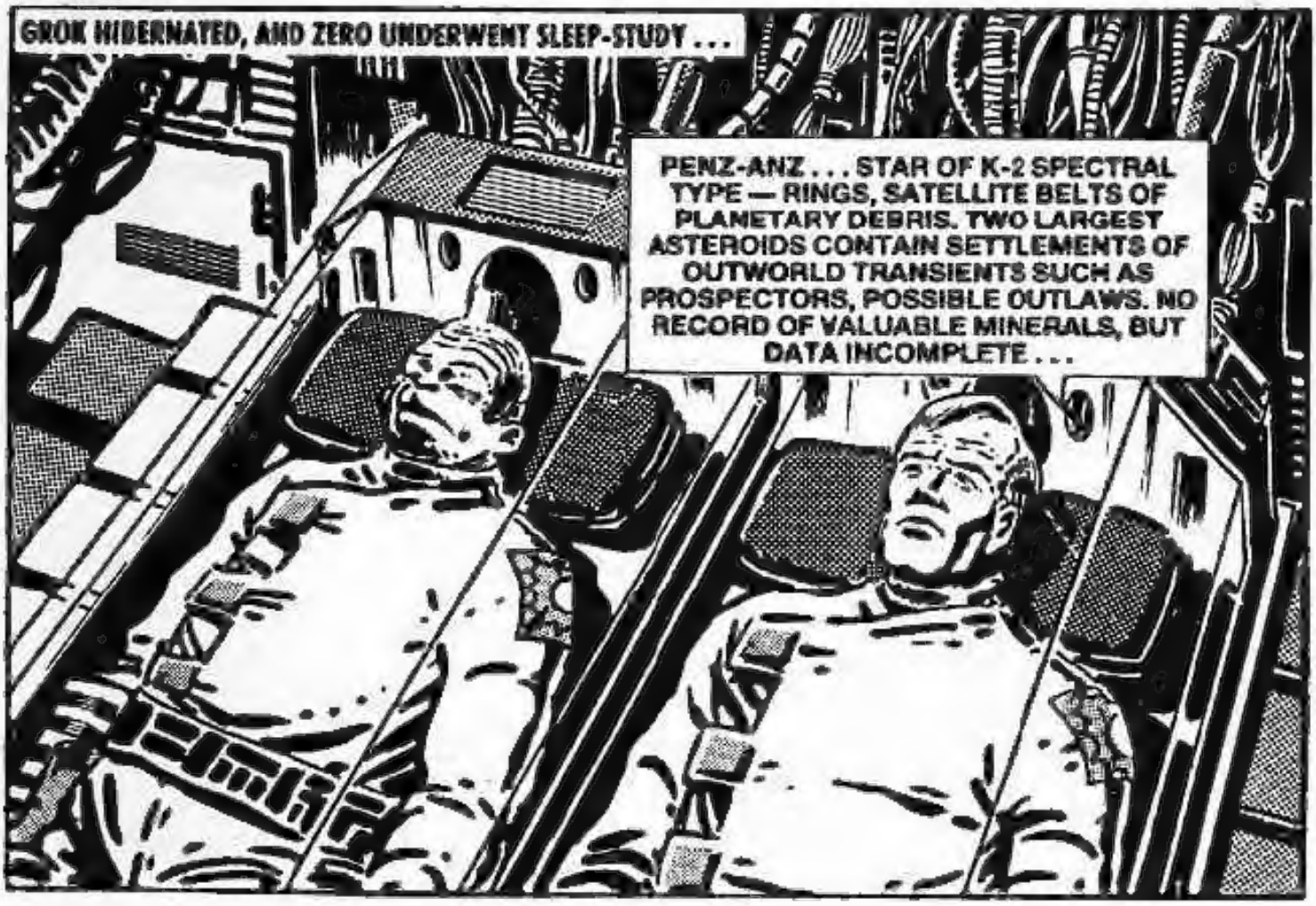
OFFICER GROK, I ONLY DID MY DUTY. THOSE PERSONS WERE TRAVELLING A MERE FIVE POINTS UNDER SUBLIGHT IN A RESTRICTED ASTEROID ZONE.
BLOCKHEAD! COPS DO NOT SLAP TICKETS ON MEMBERS OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL LEAVING FOR A WEEKEND BREAK.
TRANSMISSION INCOMING FROM PRECINCT.
WUHUH. NOW WE GET THE BAD NEWS.
THE GENTLEMEN YOU BOOKED ARE INFLUENTIAL AND SHOULD HAVE BEEN ACCORDED A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF LEEWAY.

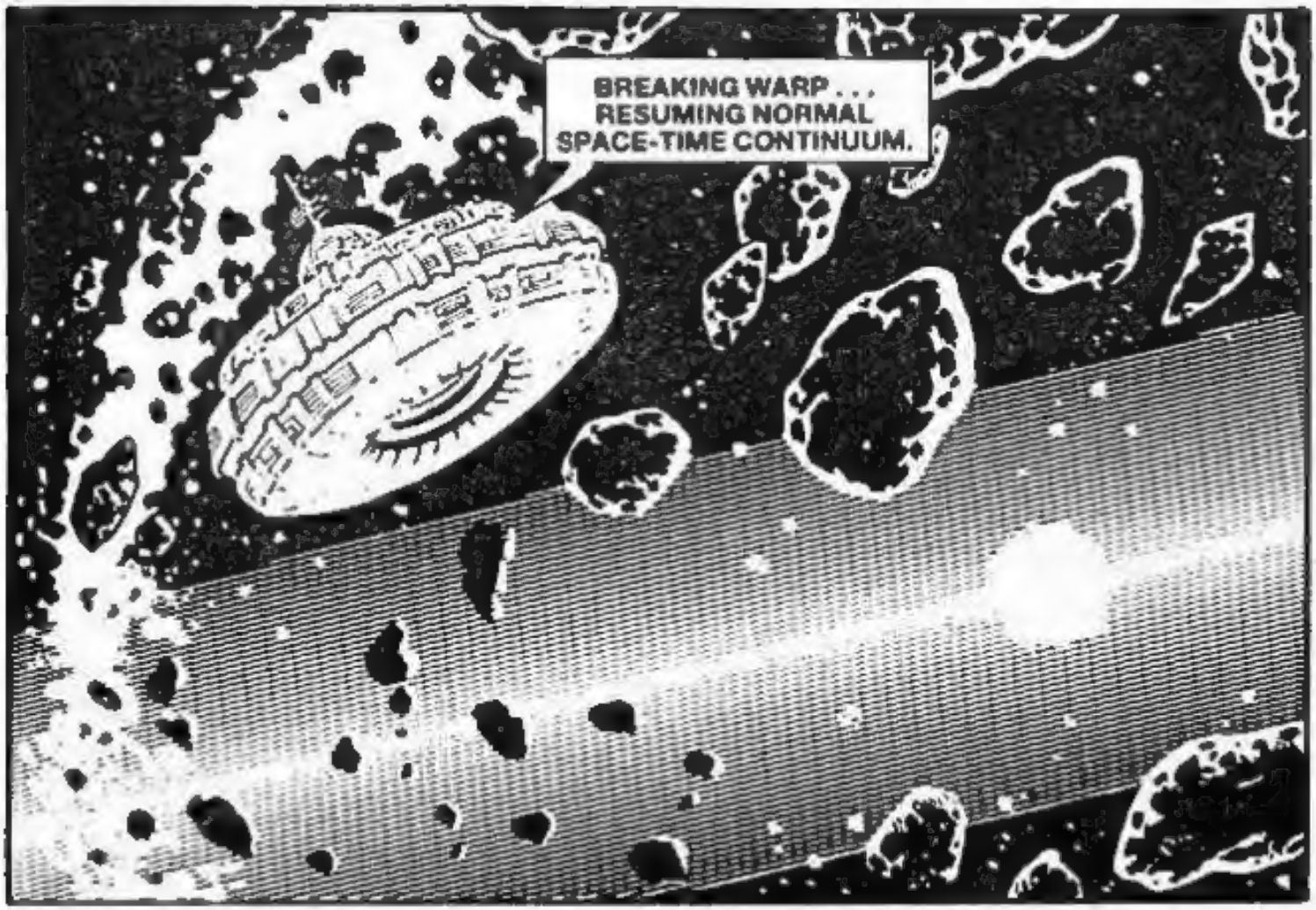
THEY WERE STILL BREAKING THE LAW.
INDEED THEY WERE . . . BUT THEY CAN BE SPITEFUL.
GROK, A COP IS NEVER BLAMED FOR DOING HIS DUTY — AND YOUR REWARD IS A TOUR OF DUTY ON PENZ-ANZ — STARTING NOW, AND FINISHING NEXT CENTURY.
GOODBYE, LADS. ENJOY YOUR NEW POSTING.
PENZ-ANZ!! OH, NO — NOT THAT.

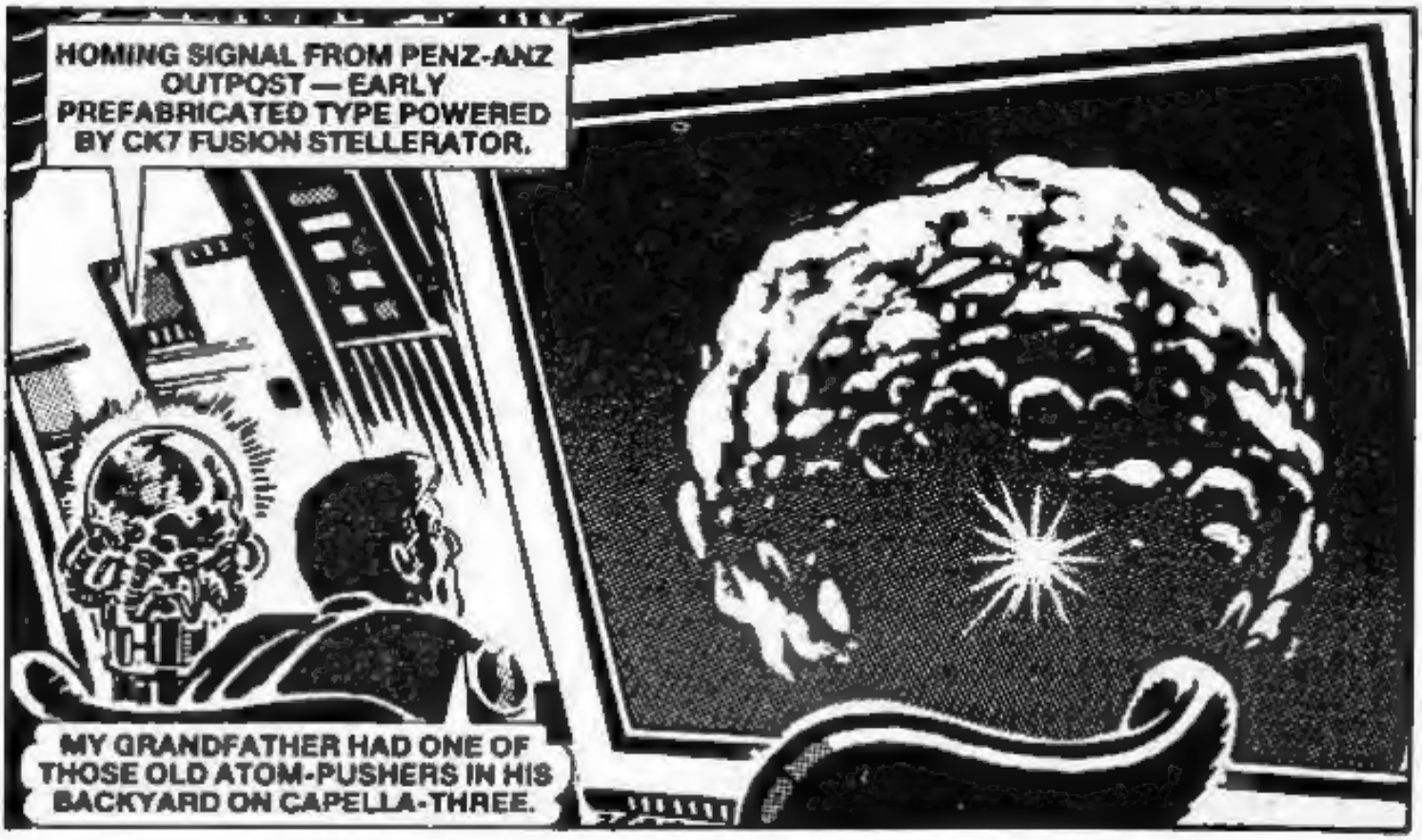
GROK,WAKE UP! THIS IS NO TIME TO SNOOZE.
SPECIES LIKE MR GROK'S, TEND TO HIBERNATE AT TIMES OF STRESS. REMEDY IS A PERIOD OF CALM IN THE STASIS TANK.


GROK WAS WHEELED AWAY . . .
SHIP, SET ASTRONAV FOR PENZ-ANZ.
GAZETTEER STATES IT IS LOCATED AT OUTER FRINGE OF TENTH QUADRANT OF GALAXY.


THE PATROL SHIP WENT INTO WARP . . . PASSING INTO THE MATRIX OF SPACE-AND-TIME IN A LIGHT-YEAR CONQUERING SURGE . . .


GROK HIBERNATED, AND ZERO UNDERWENT SLEEP-STUDY . . .
PENZ-ANZ . . . STAR OF K-2 SPECTRAL TYPE — RINGS, SATELLITE BELTS OF PLANETARY DEBRIS. TWO LARGEST ASTEROIDS CONTAIN SETTLEMENTS OF OUTWORLD TRANSIENTS SUCH AS PROSPECTORS, POSSIBLE OUTLAWS. NO RECORD OF VALUABLE MINERALS, BUT DATA INCOMPLETE . . .


BREAKING WARP . . . RESUMING NORMAL SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM.

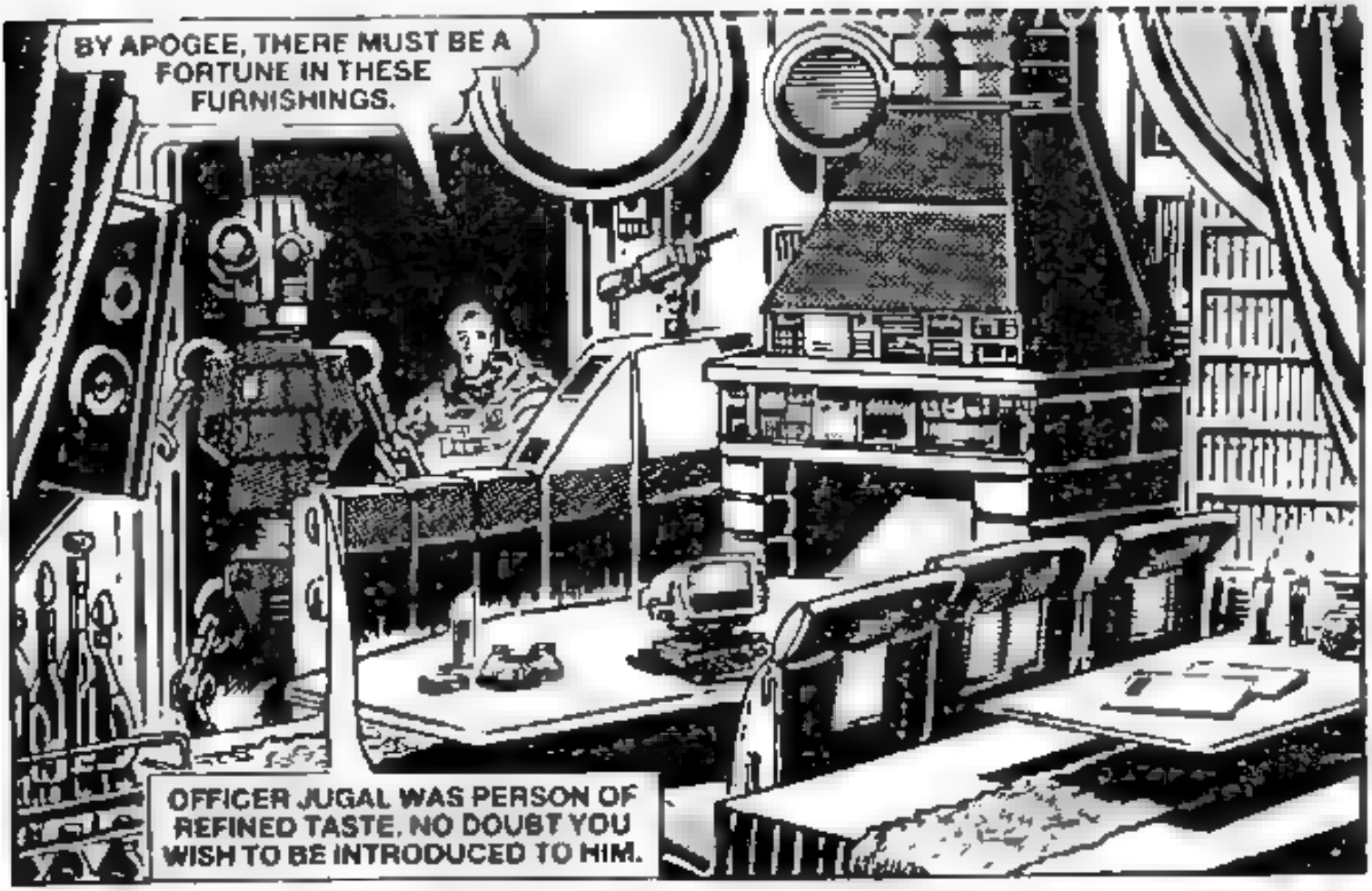

HOMING SIGNAL FROM PENZ-ANZ OUTPOST — EARLY PREFABRICATED TYPE POWERED BY CK7 FUSION STELLERATOR.
MY GRANDFATHER HAD ONE OF THOSE OLD ATOM-PUSHERS IN HIS BACKYARD ON CAPELLA-THREE.

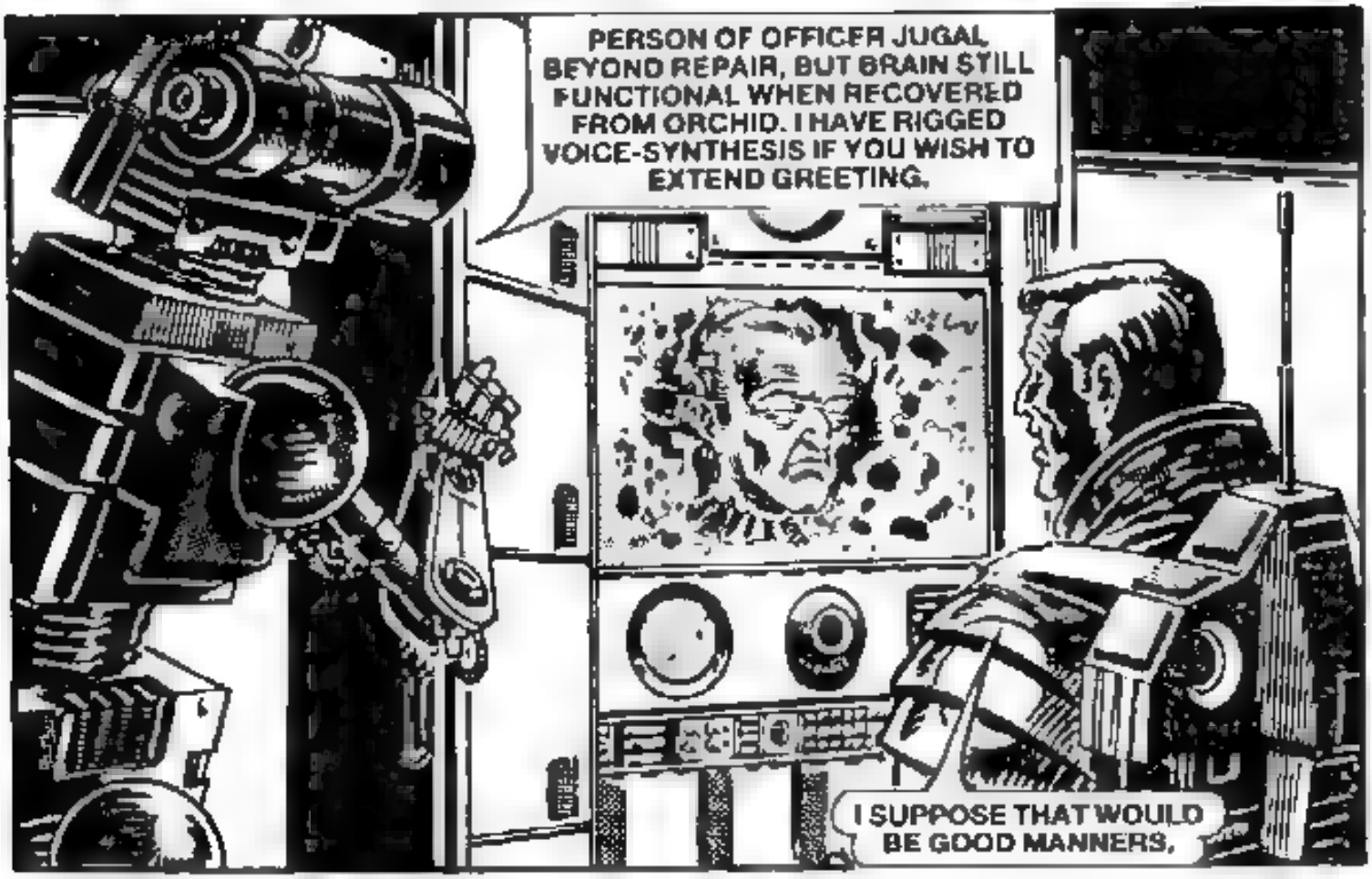
DOCKING PORTAL OPENING IN RESPONSE TO IMPULSE CODE.

THE SHIP DOCKED . . .
WISH WE HAD MORE DATA ON WHAT TO EXPECT. SHIP, AS ACTING COMMANDER, I SHALL CARRY OUT A QUICK CHECK.

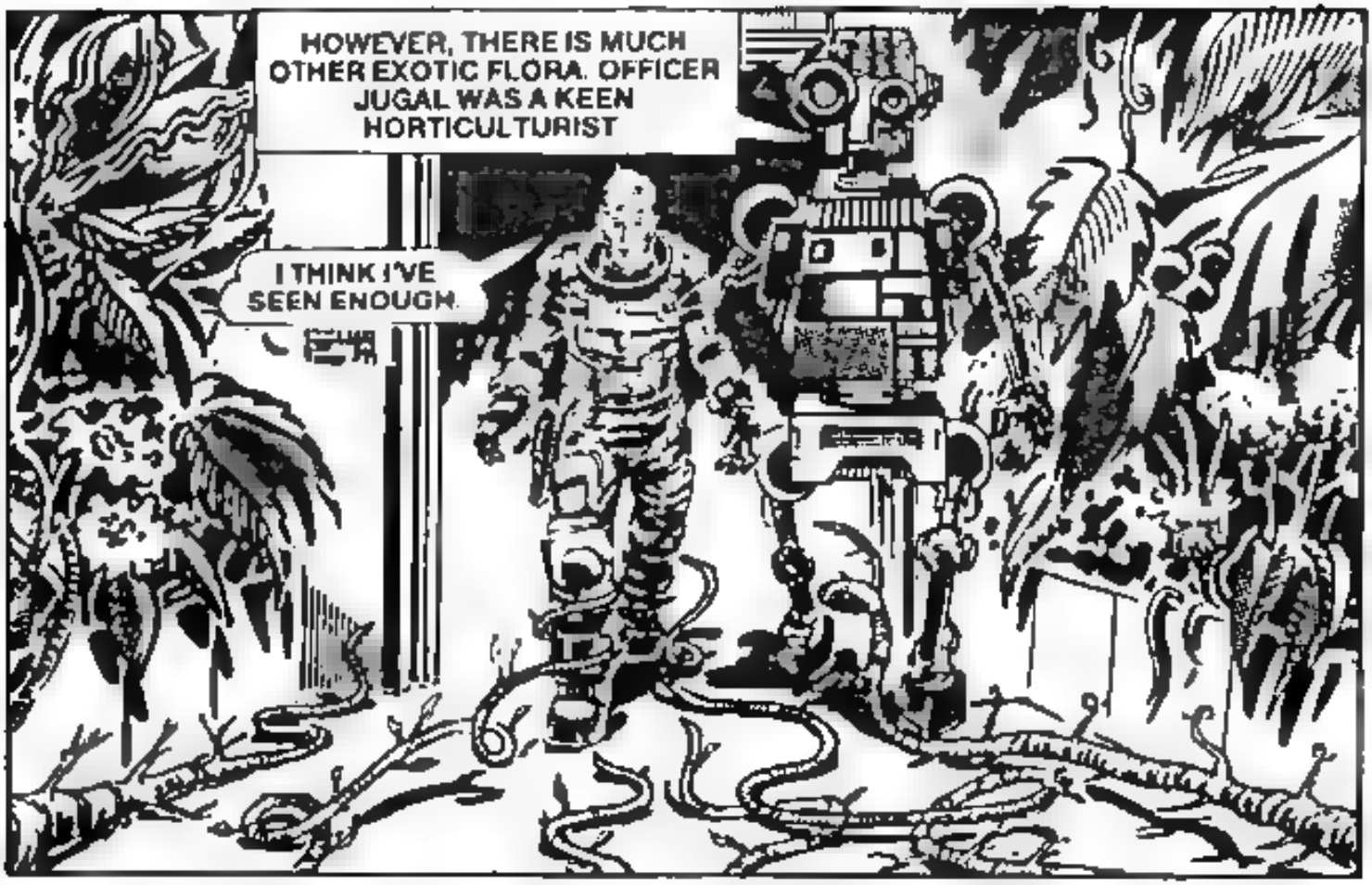
ZERO SUITED UP . . .
CALLING SHIP! BREATHABLE AIR — SYSTEMS APPARENTLY FUNCTIONING.

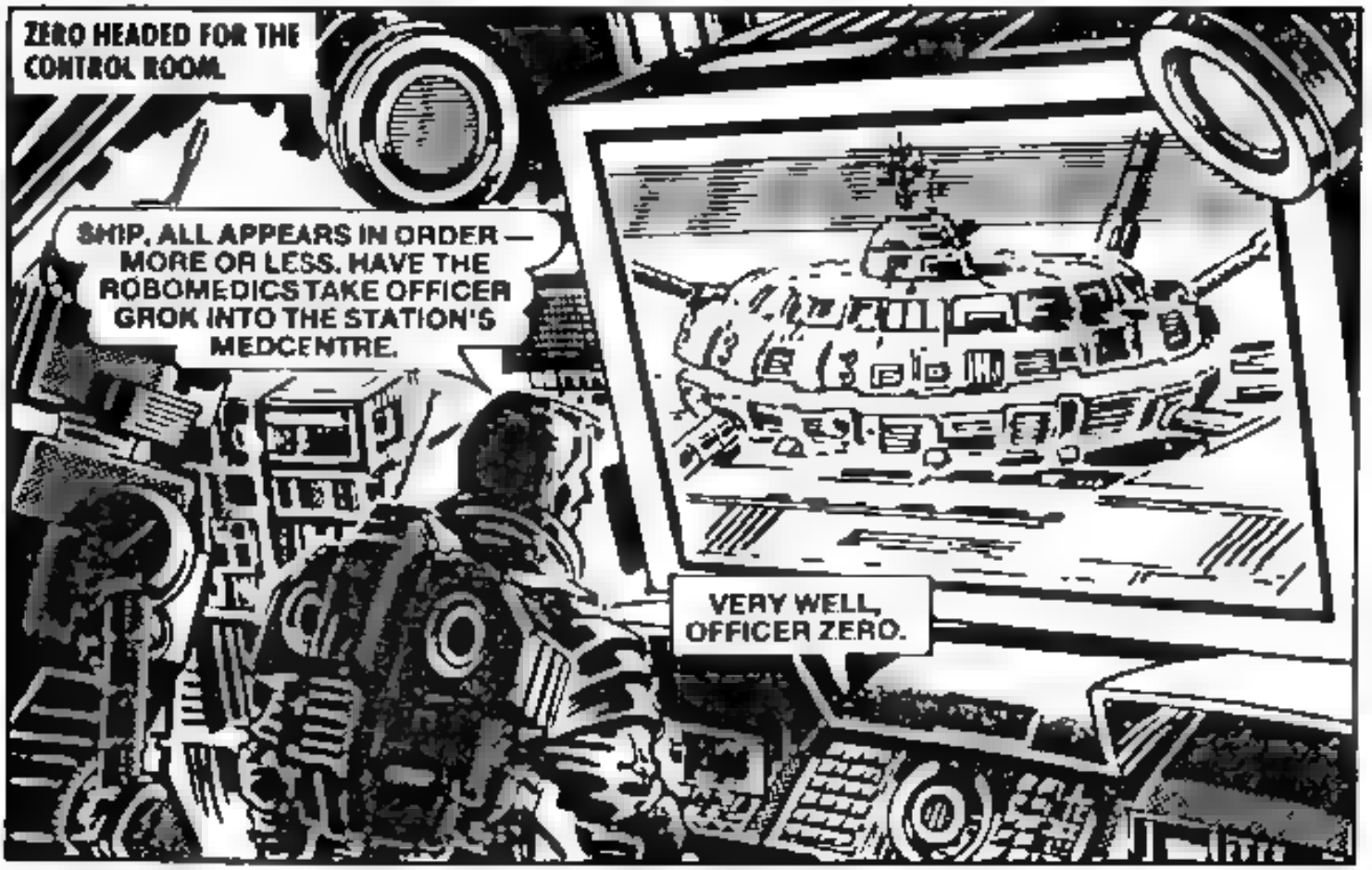
AH, A LARGE METALLOID! THIS COULD BE TROUBLE.
I AM AR-ESS — STATION OVERSEER. I ASSUME YOU ARE THE NEW BOSS TAKING OVER AFTER RETIREMENT OF OFFICER JUGAL.
HUM — ER, QUITE. AR-ESS, BE SO GOOD AS TO SHOW ME ROUND.
DID OFFICER JUGAL RETIRE THROUGH AGE?
NO. HE WAS ONLY ONE HUNDRED STANDARD YEARS OF AGE. HE WAS RETIRED BY BEING DEVOURED BY PROTEIN-HUNGRY POLLUX ORCHID WHICH HE WAS CULTIVATING IN THE HYDROPONIC GARDEN.


BY APOGEE, THERE MUST BE A FORTUNE IN THESE FURNISHINGS.
OFFICER JUGAL WAS PERSON OF REFINED TASTE. NO DOUBT YOU WISH TO BE INTRODUCED TO HIM.

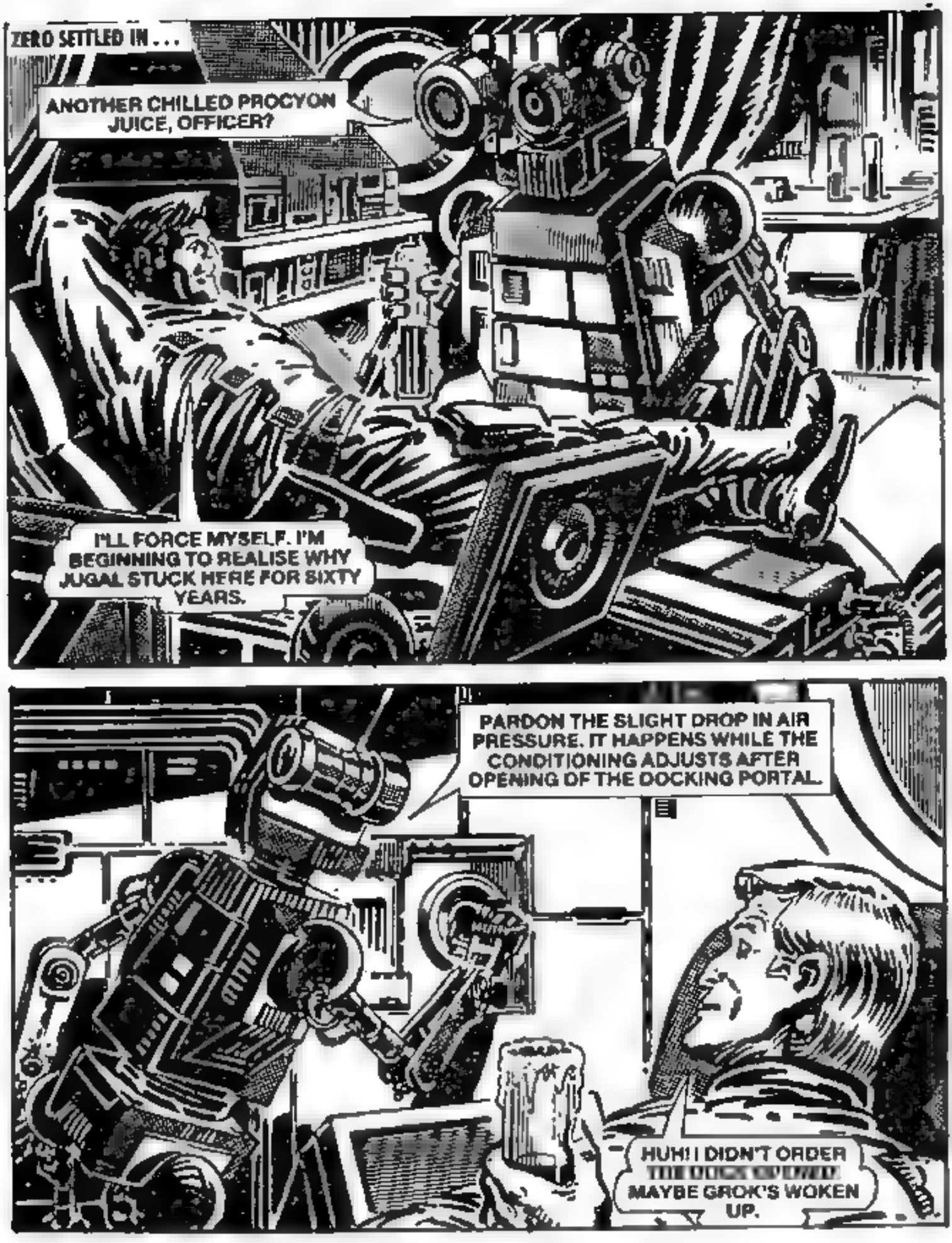

PERSON OF OFFICER JUGAL BEYOND REPAIR, BUT BRAIN STILL FUNCTIONAL WHEN RECOVERED FROM ORCHID. I HAVE RIGGED VOICE-SYNTHESIS IF YOU WISH TO EXTEND GREETING.
I SUPPOSE THAT WOULD BE GOOD MANNERS.

HULLO — ER, I AM YOUR RELIEF. I TRUST YOU ARE WELL.
URHH . . . CAN'T A MAN GET ANY PEACE? SHOVE OFF, BUSTER — GET LOST.
OFFICER JUGAL IS NOT HIS USUAL JOVIAL SELF AT THE MOMENT.
SO I GATHER — ER, LET'S SEE THE REST OF THE STATION.
HYDROPONIC AREA
Q5
S49F
THE GARDEN, EH? I ASSUME DISPOSAL HAS BEEN MADE OF THAT HUNGRY ORCHID?
OH, YES! DESTRUCTION OF SAME WAS NECESSARY TO RECOVER OFFICER JUGAL.

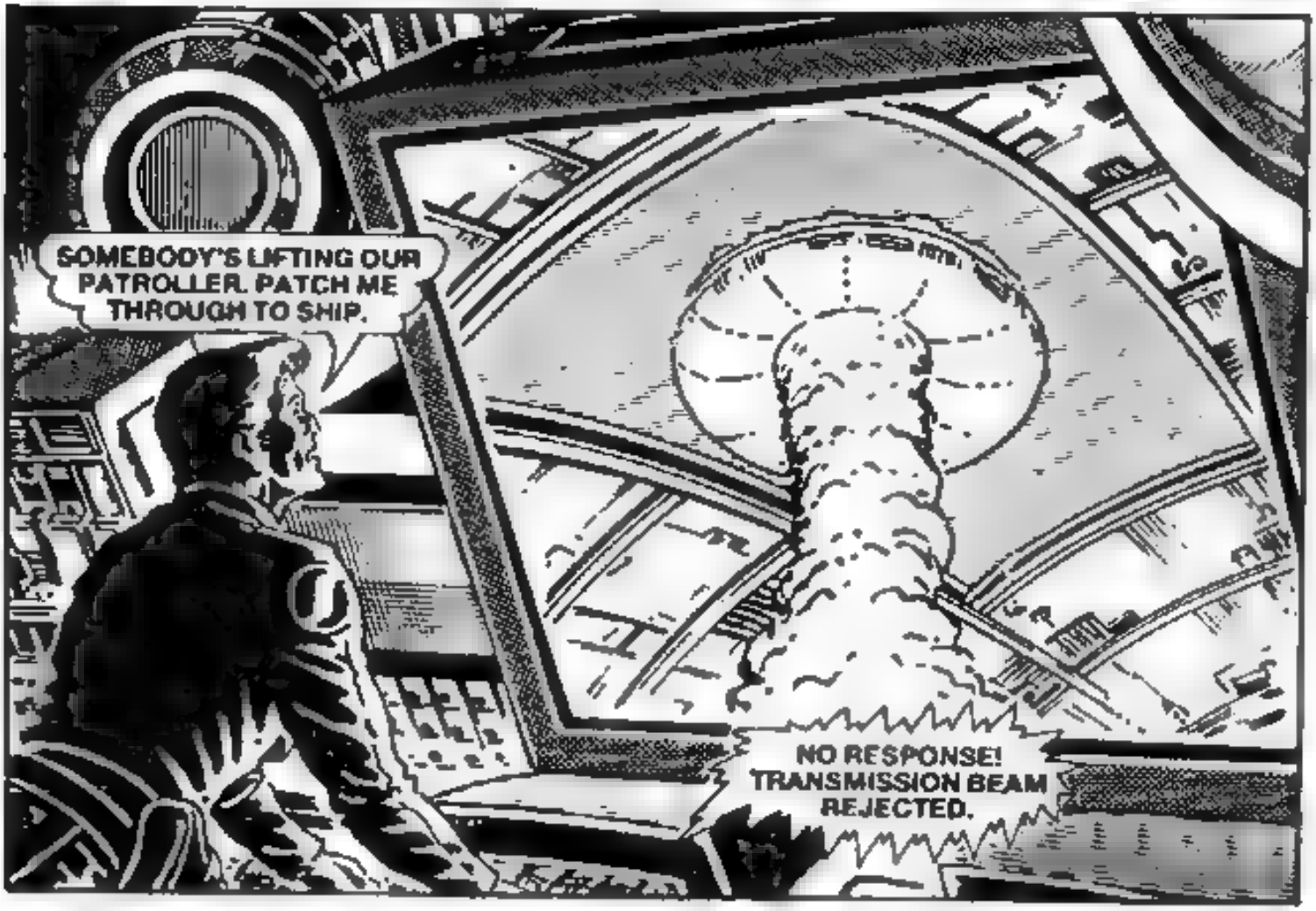

HOWEVER, THERE IS MUCH OTHER EXOTIC FLORA. OFFICER JUGAL WAS A KEEN HORTICULTURIST
I THINK I'VE SEEN ENOUGH.

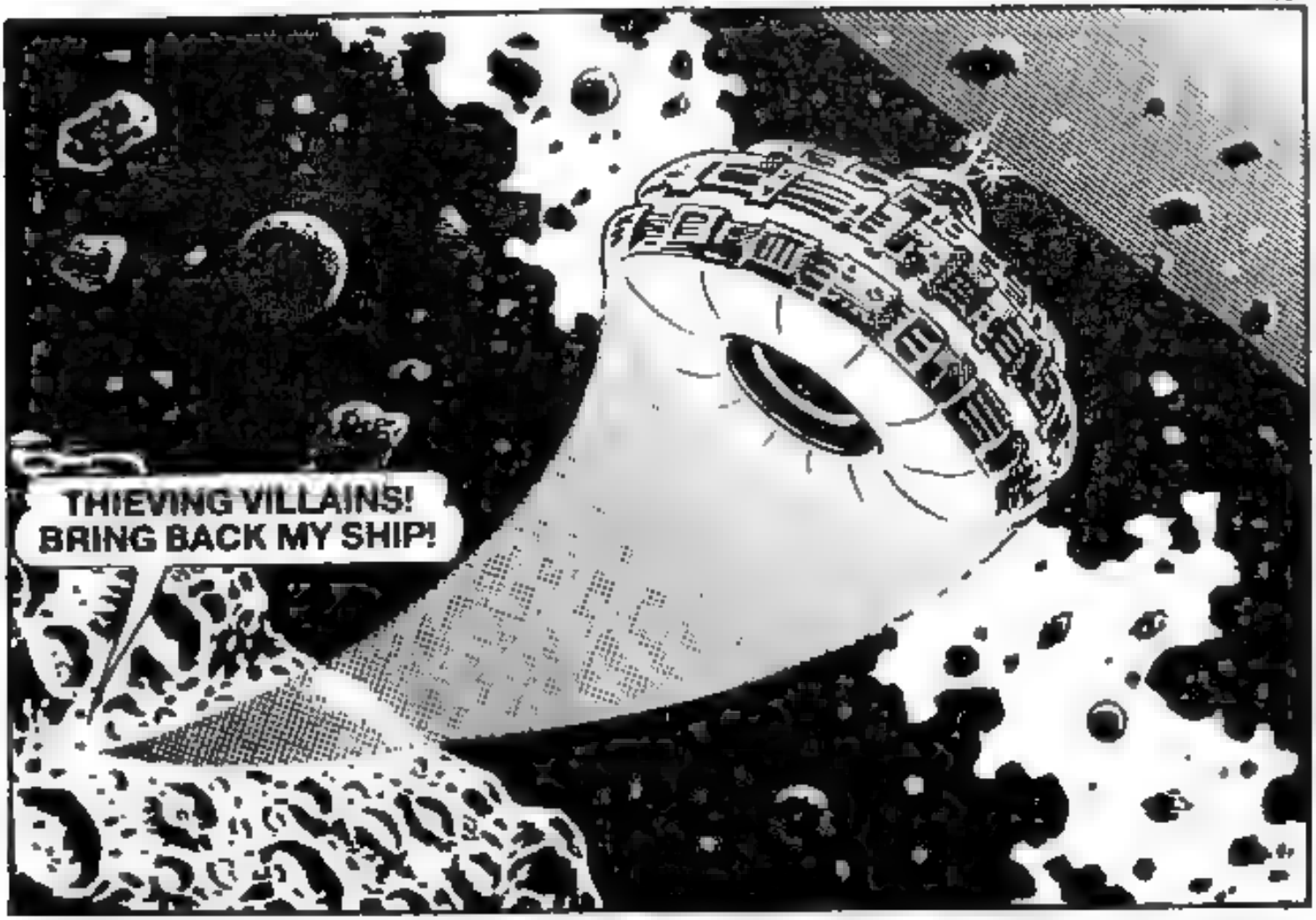

ZERO HEADED FOR THE CONTROL ROOM.
SHIP, ALL APPEARS IN ORDER — MORE OR LESS. HAVE THE ROBOMEDICS TAKE OFFICER GROK INTO THE STATION'S MEDCENTRE.
VERY WELL, OFFICER ZERO.

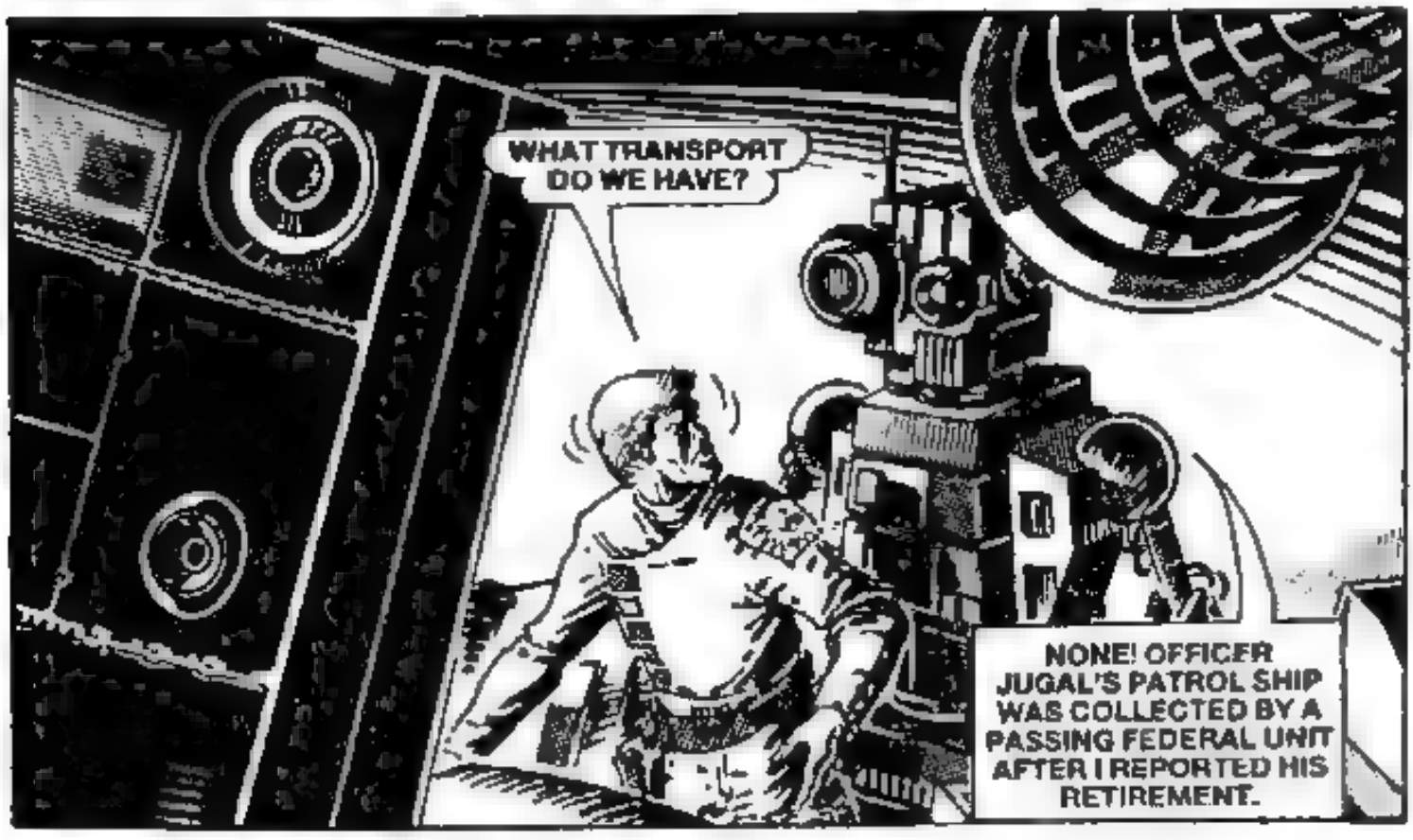
GROK WAS WHEELED ASHORE . . .
ZERO TOOK A CALL . . .
WELCOME TO PENZ-ANZ, OFFICER. I'M CASEY TOLT AND I'M HOPING US LOCALS WILL HAVE THE SAME HAPPY AGREEMENT WITH YOU THAT WE HAD WITH GOOD OLD JUGAL.
MOST CERTAINLY, SIR. IT IS THE POLICY OF THE FEDERAL FORCE TO KEEP ON AGREEABLE TERMS WITH NEIGHBOURHOODS IN WHICH THEY SERVE.
YOU'LL FIND OUR TERMS ARE REAL GENEROUS, CHUM. CHEER-OH . . .
HOW NICE. HE DOES SEEM A FRIENDLY FELLOW.

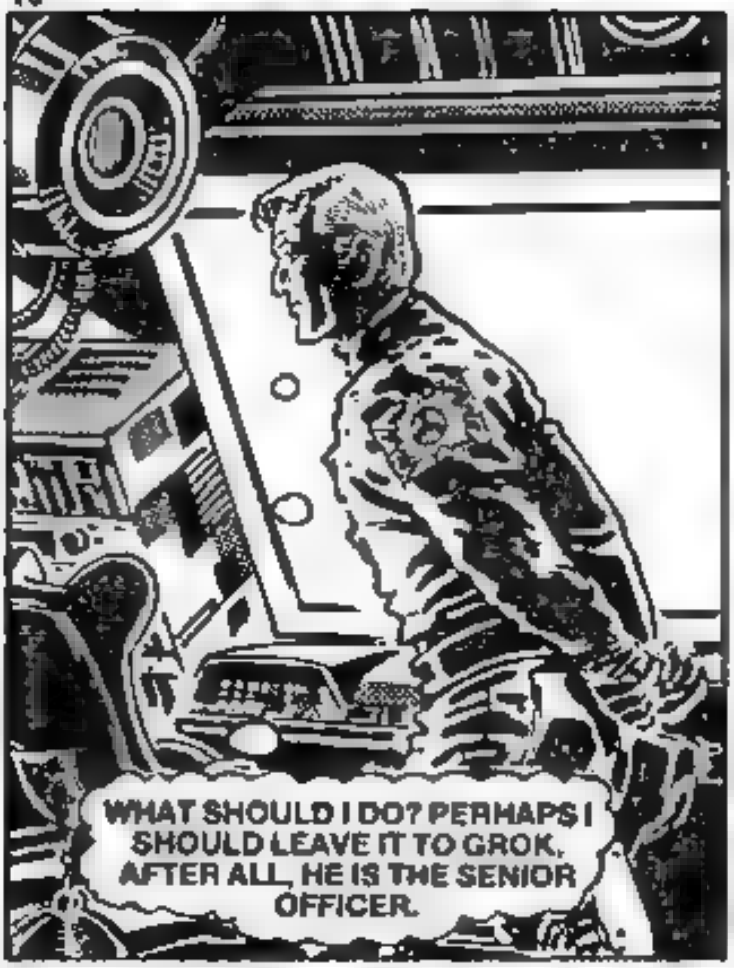

ZERO SETTLED IN . . .
ANOTHER CHILLED PROCYON JUICE, OFFICER?
I'LL FORCE MYSELF. I'M BEGINNING TO REALISE WHY JUGAL STUCK HERE FOR SIXTY YEARS.
PARDON THE SLIGHT DROP IN AIR PRESSURE. IT HAPPENS WHILE THE CONDITIONING ADJUSTS AFTER OPENING OF THE DOCKING PORTAL.
HUH! I DIDN'T ORDER THE DOCK OPENED. MAYBE GROK'S WOKEN UP.

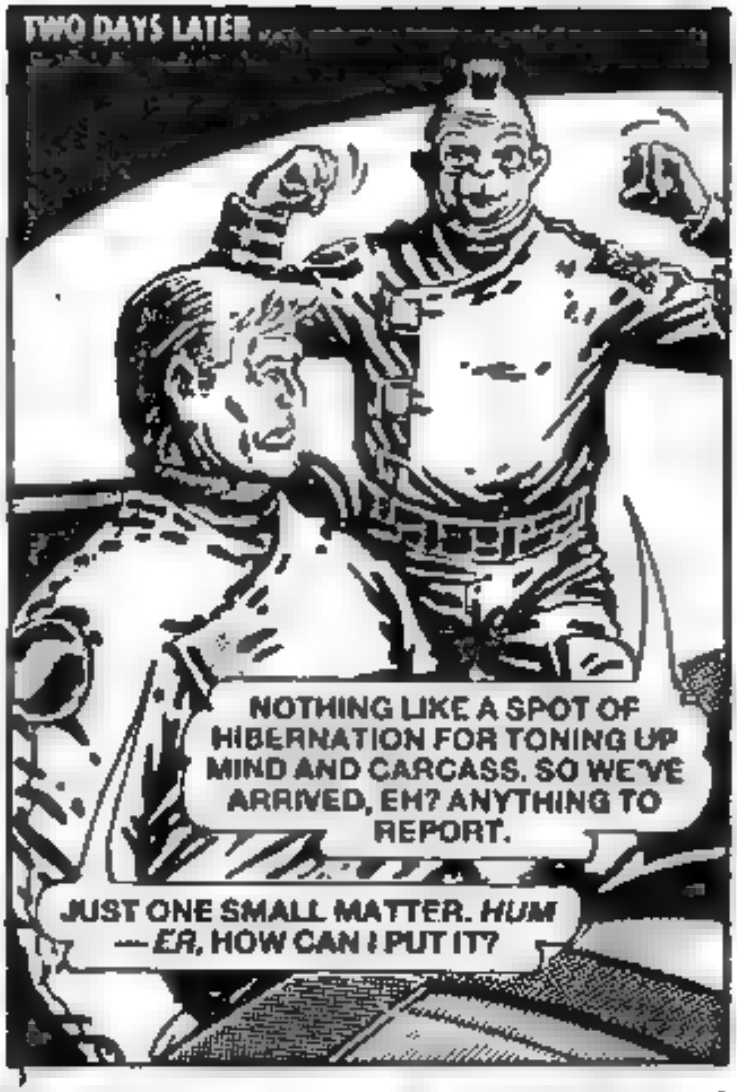
GROK'S HERE — SO WHO . . . WHAT? I'D BETTER GET TOPSIDE


SOMEBODY'S LIFTING OUR PATROLLER. PATCH ME THROUGH TO SHIP.
NO RESPONSE! TRANSMISSION BEAM REJECTED.


THIEVING VILLAINS! BRING BACK MY SHIP!

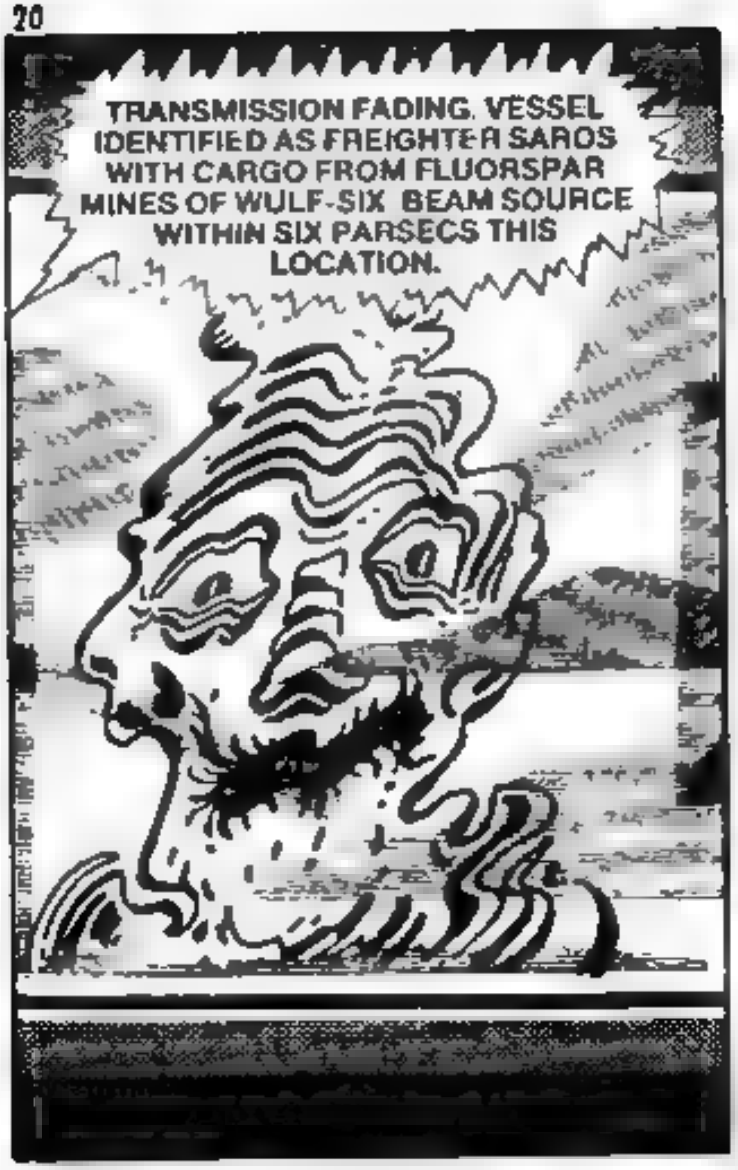

WHAT TRANSPORT DO WE HAVE?
NONE! OFFICER JUGAL'S PATROL SHIP WAS COLLECTED BY A PASSING FEDERAL UNIT AFTER I REPORTED HIS RETIREMENT.


WHAT SHOULD I DO? PERHAPS I SHOULD LEAVE IT TO GROK. AFTER ALL, HE IS THE SENIOR OFFICER.

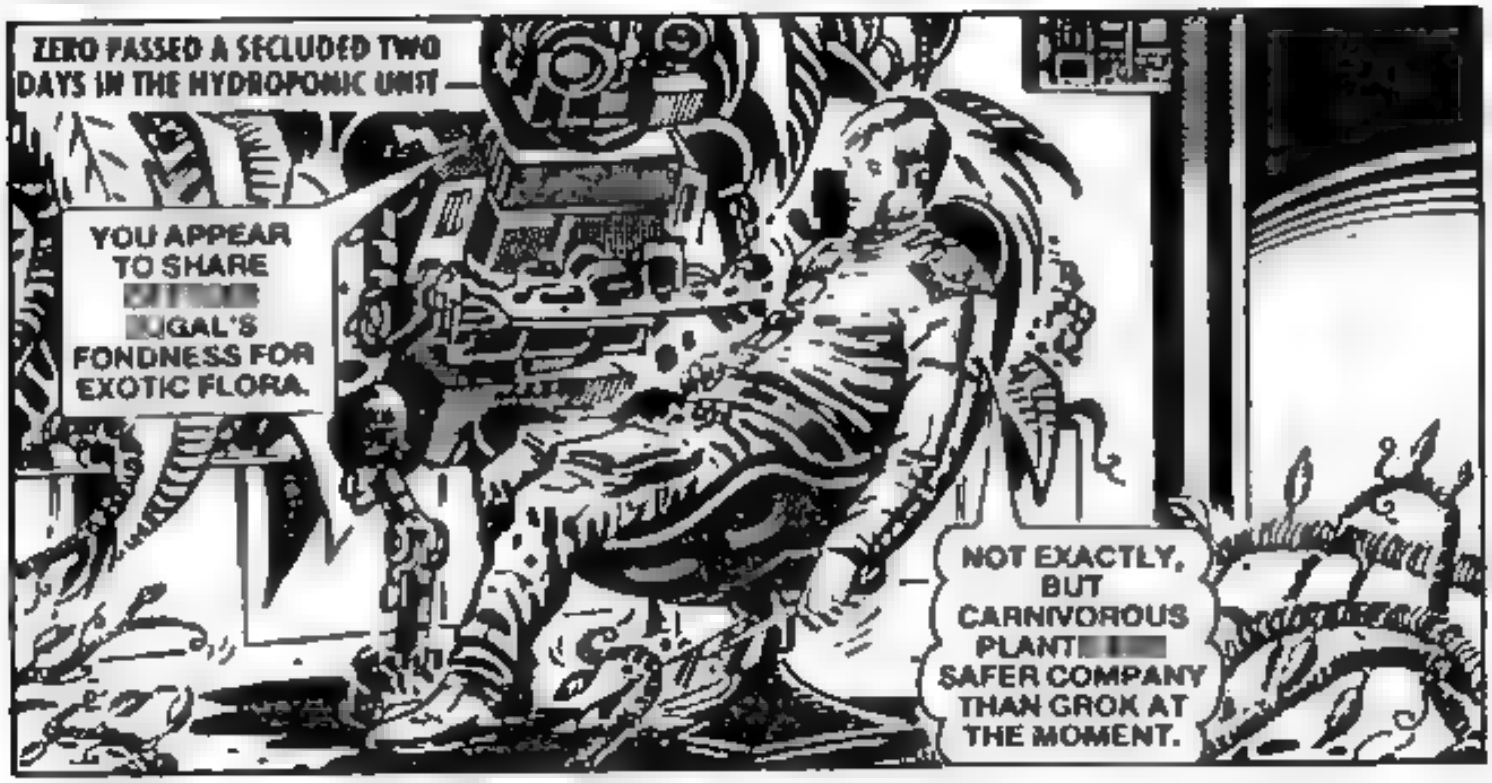

TWO DAYS LATER...
NOTHING LIKE A SPOT OF HIBERNATION FOR TONING UP MIND AND CARCASS. SO WE'VE ARRIVED, EH? ANYTHING TO REPORT.
JUST ONE SMALL MATTER. *HUM —ER*, HOW CAN I PUT IT?

ZERO REPORTED —
MY SHIP! YOU'VE LET MY SHIP GET STOLEN!

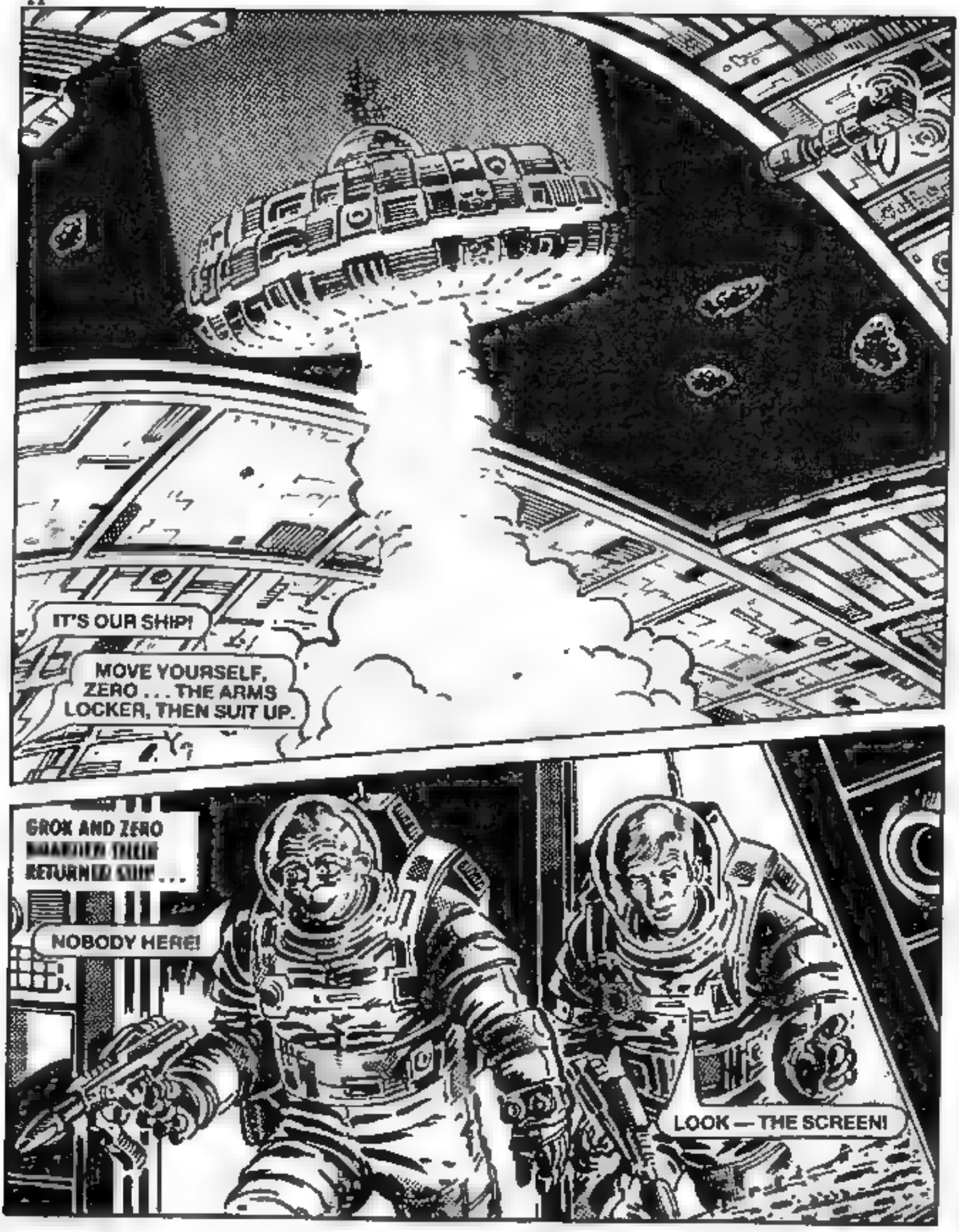
ASSAULT ON A FELLOW OFFICER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN . . . SEE PARAGRAPH THREE, CHAPTER ELEVEN, FEDERAL FORCE RULES AND REGULATIONS.
I'LL CHANCE THE COURTMARTIAL ACCEPTING A PLEA OF TEMPORARY INSANITY.
ATTENTION WARPBEAM
VESSEL IN DISTRESS . . .
DUTY FIRST! I'LL THROTTLE YOU LATER.
UNDER ATTACK . . . PIRATES POSING AS FED COPS . . . A FAKE POLICE PATROL SHIP. THEY ARE BLASTING IN THROUGH A HATCH. HELP . . .


TRANSMISSION FADING. VESSEL IDENTIFIED AS FREIGHTER SAROS WITH CARGO FROM FLUORSPAR MINES OF WULF-SIX. BEAM SOURCE WITHIN SIX PARSECS THIS LOCATION.

JUST A SHORT HOP FROM HERE . . . A FAKE POLICE SHIP . . . OH, NO!
PERHAPS THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO LEAVE GROK TO HIS THOUGHTS.

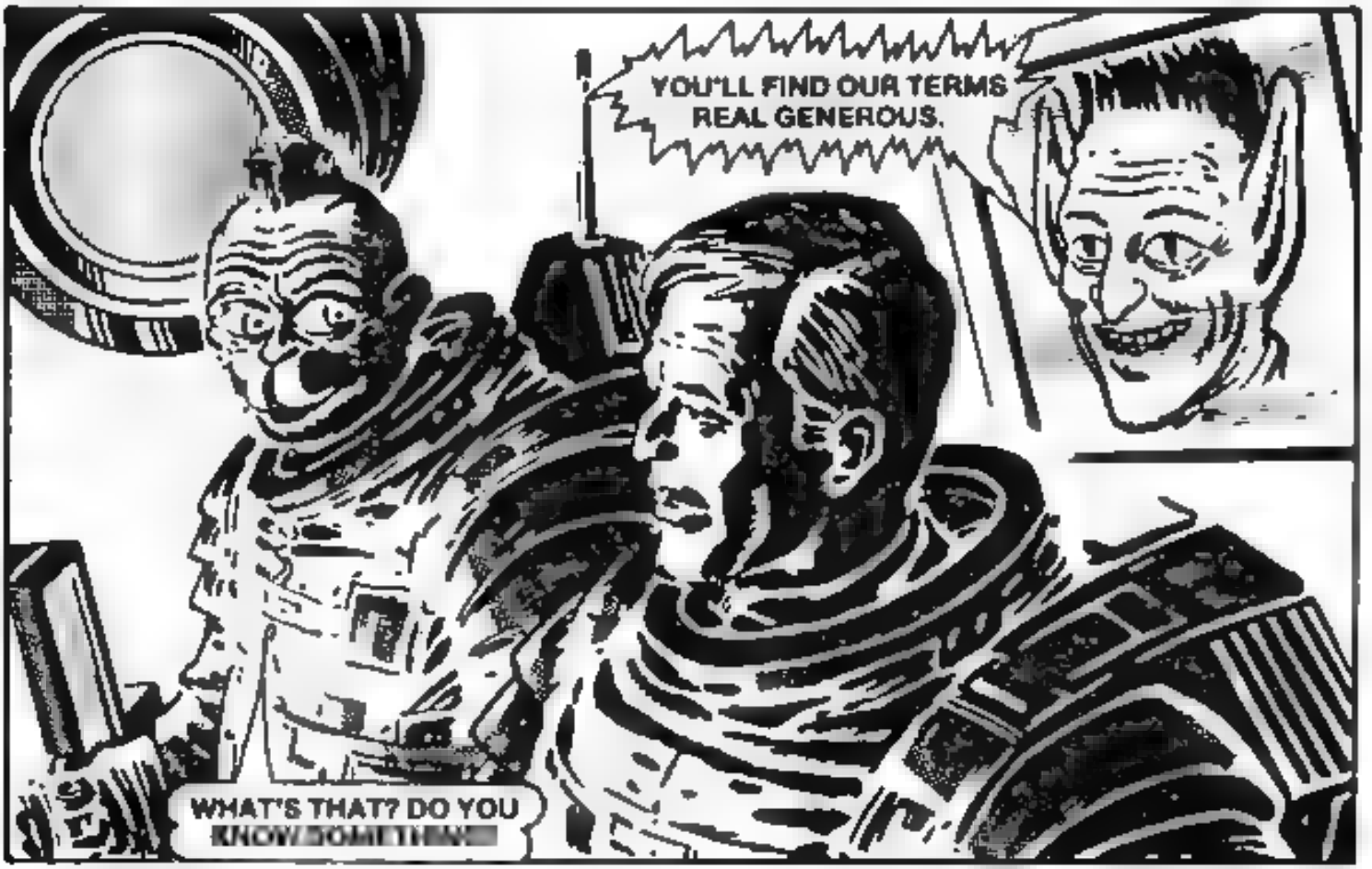

ZERO PASSED A SECLUDED TWO DAYS IN THE HYDROPONIC UNIT —
YOU APPEAR TO SHARE [redacted] [redacted]GAL'S FONDNESS FOR EXOTIC FLORA.
— NOT EXACTLY, BUT CARNIVOROUS PLANT[redacted] SAFER COMPANY THAN GROK AT THE MOMENT.

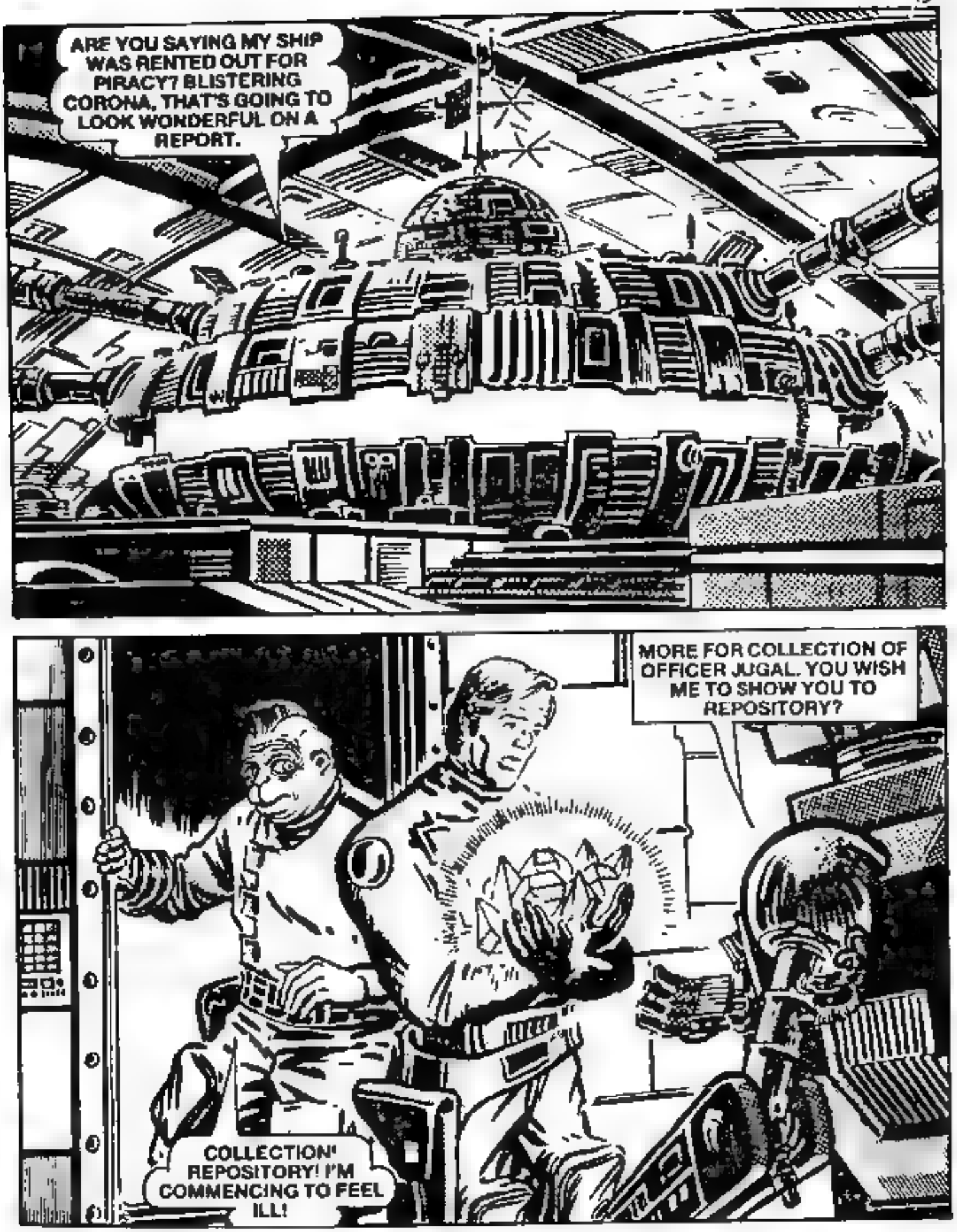
ZERO, REPORT TO THE CONTROL ROOM THAT IS AN ORDER.
HUM! GROK SOUNDS CALMER I CAN'T HEAR HIS TEETH GRINDING.
HUM — ER — THE SAME MUST HAVE HAPPENED WHEN THE SHIP WAS TAKEN.
ZERO TOOK A CHANCE . . .
THE DOCK PORTAL'S OPENING. THAT MEANS THE STATION'S SECRET ENTRY CODE HAS BEEN BEAMED IN FROM OUTSIDE.


IT'S OUR SHIP!
MOVE YOURSELF, ZERO . . . THE ARMS LOCKER, THEN SUIT UP.
GROK AND ZERO [illegible] RETURNED [illegible] . . .
NOBODY HERE!
LOOK — THE SCREEN!

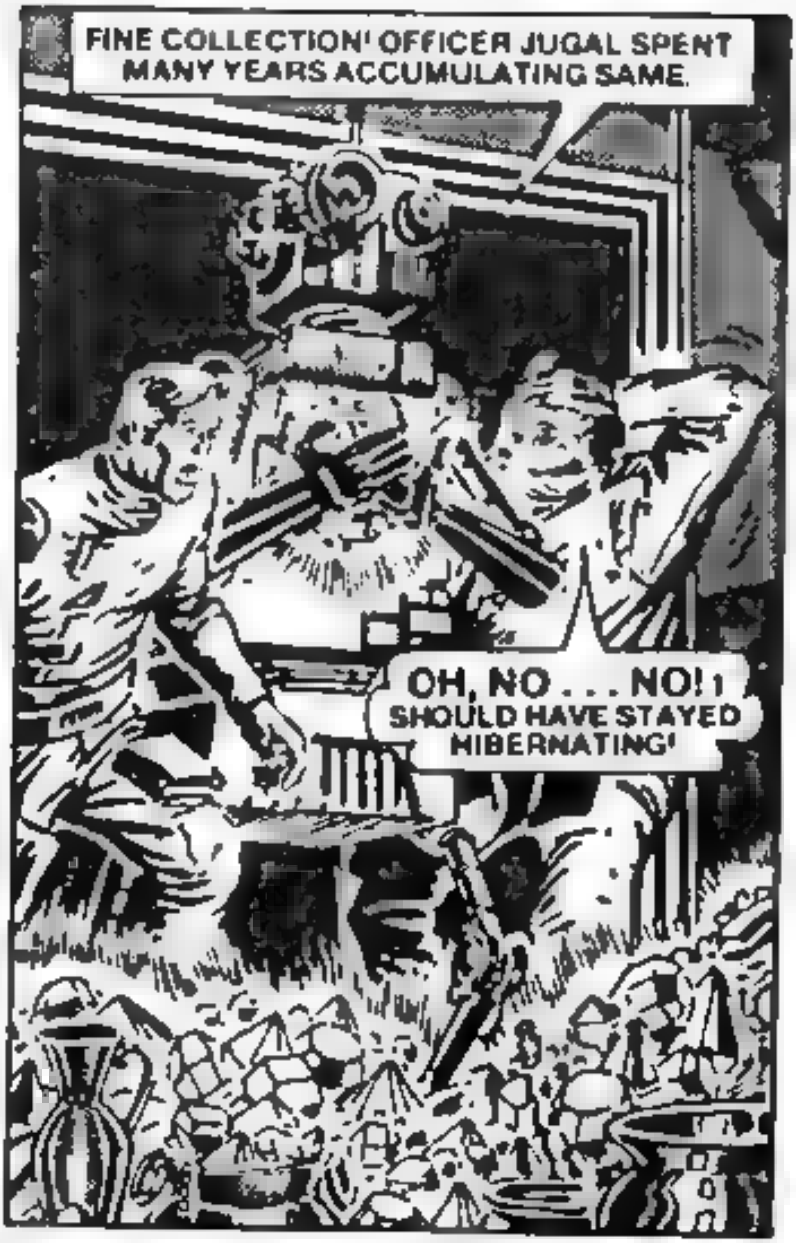
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY BY SHUTTLE — WHOEVER THEY ARE.
SHIP WAS UNHELPFUL...
YOUR ENQUIRY DOES NOT COMPUTE. MY DATABASE DOES NOT RECORD ANY RECENT FLIGHT.
MEMORY WIPE! THOSE THIEVES MUST HAVE COMPLETE KNOWLEDGE OF POLICE CODES TO MANAGE THAT.

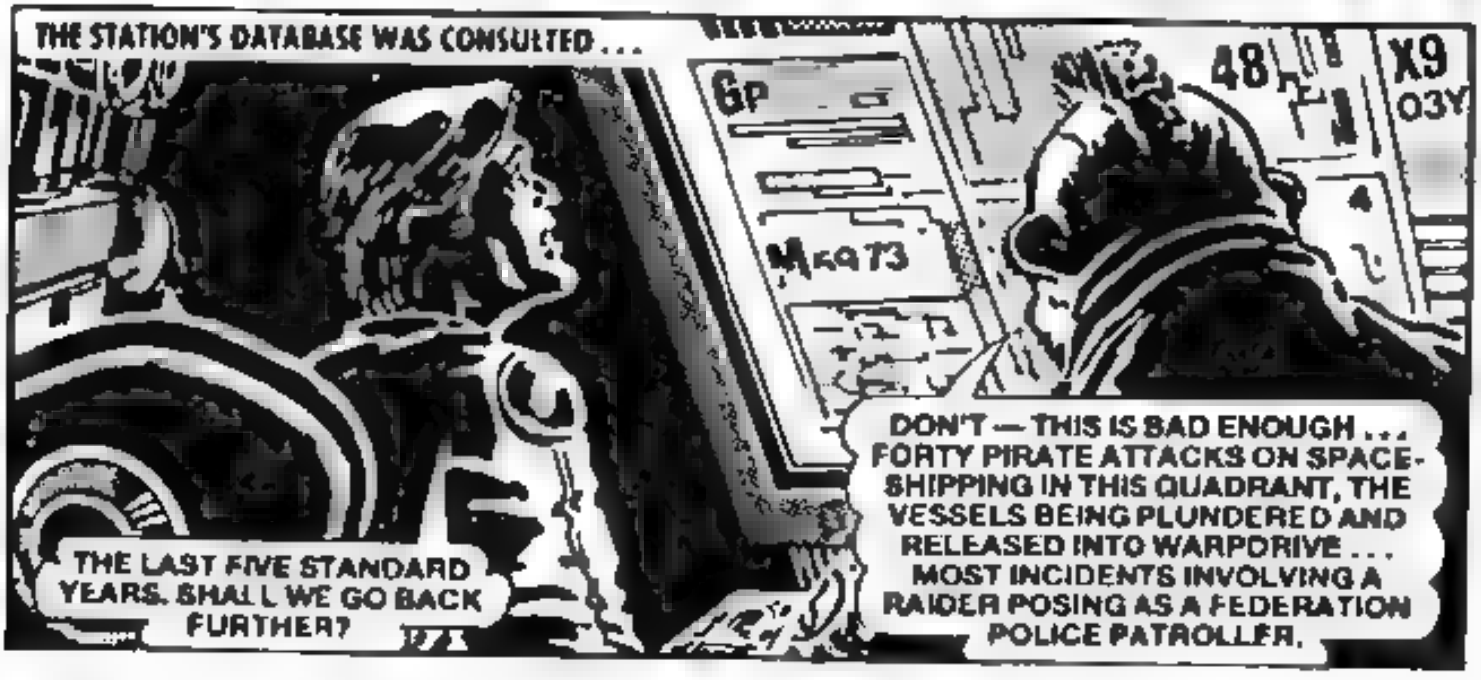
AZURITE CRYSTAL! THERE MUST BE ENOUGH HERE TO PAY OUR WAGES FOR A YEAR.
BY THE BLADDER OF PHELPHUS. THOSE RASCALS HAVE LEFT US A TIP.


YOU'LL FIND OUR TERMS REAL GENEROUS.
WHAT'S THAT? DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING


ARE YOU SAYING MY SHIP WAS RENTED OUT FOR PIRACY? BLISTERING CORONA, THAT'S GOING TO LOOK WONDERFUL ON A REPORT.
MORE FOR COLLECTION OF OFFICER JUGAL. YOU WISH ME TO SHOW YOU TO REPOSITORY?
COLLECTION! REPOSITORY! I'M COMMENCING TO FEEL ILL!

AR-ESS SHOWED THE WAY — BY ELEVATOR . . .
STELLERATOR IS OFFICIAL BOTTOM LEVEL, BUT WE HAVE UNOFFICIAL BASEMENT CONSTRUCTED BY OFFICER JUGAL.


FINE COLLECTION! OFFICER JUGAL SPENT MANY YEARS ACCUMULATING SAME.
OH, NO . . . NO! I SHOULD HAVE STAYED HIBERNATING!


THE STATION'S DATABASE WAS CONSULTED . . .
THE LAST FIVE STANDARD YEARS. SHALL WE GO BACK FURTHER?
DON'T — THIS IS BAD ENOUGH . . . FORTY PIRATE ATTACKS ON SPACE-SHIPPING IN THIS QUADRANT, THE VESSELS BEING PLUNDERED AND RELEASED INTO WARPDRIVE . . . MOST INCIDENTS INVOLVING A RAIDER POSING AS A FEDERATION POLICE PATROLLER.

SUCH A SITUATION CALLS FOR AN URGENT REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS.
AFTER OUR OWN SHIP'S BEEN USED ON ONE OF THE RAIDS? NOT LIKELY! WE HAVE TO CLEAN UP THIS MESS BEFORE DOING ANY REPORTING.

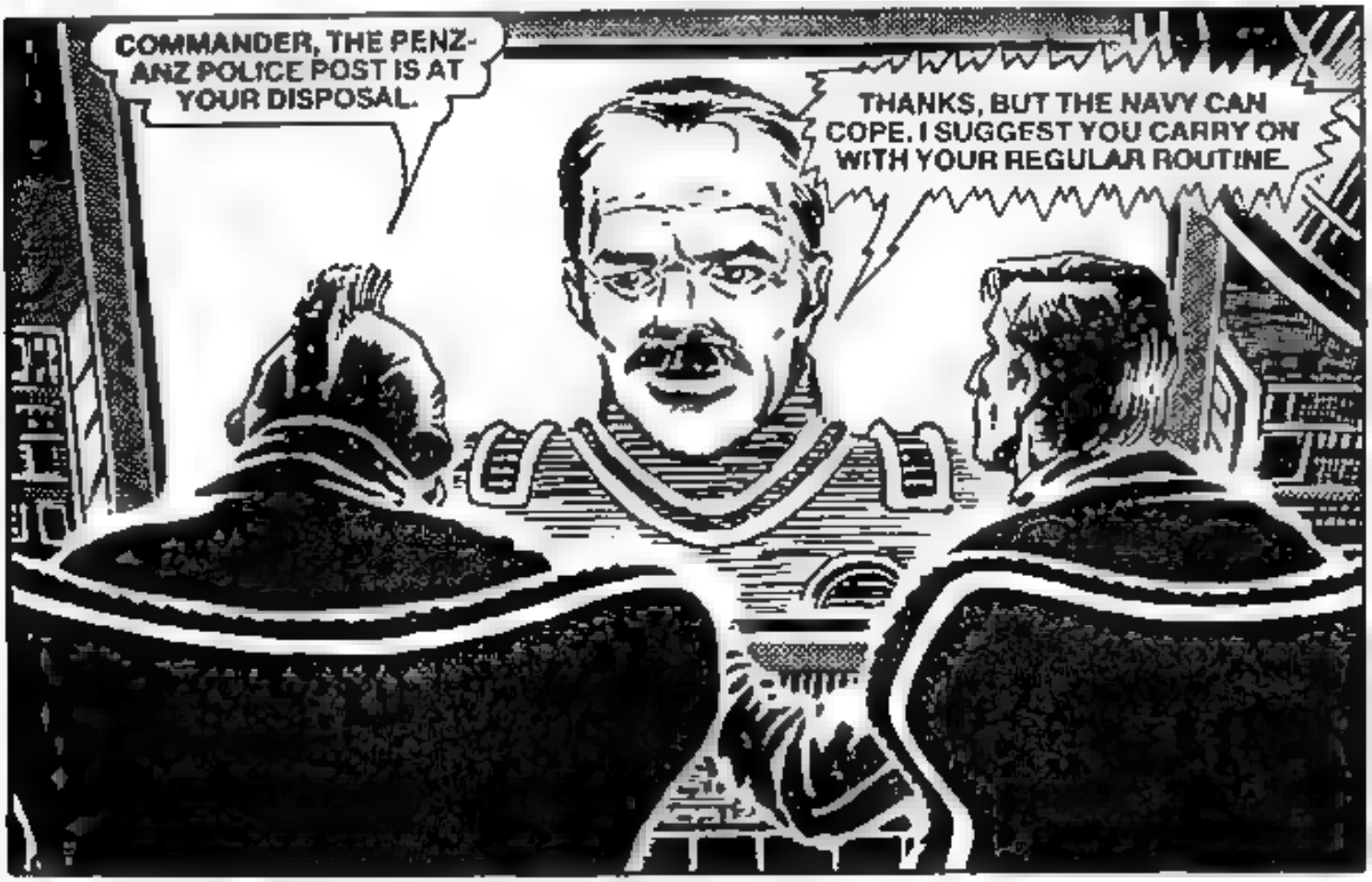
OFFICER JUGAL WAS CONSULTED . . .
SOUNDS LIKE YOU BOYS HAVE GOT YOURSELVES INTO A REAL MESS. *HEH! HEH!* NOTHING TO DO WITH ME — I'M RETIRED.
MISTER, I HATE DEALING WITH A CROOKED COP, BUT I AM ABOUT TO APPEAL TO YOUR BETTER NATURE.

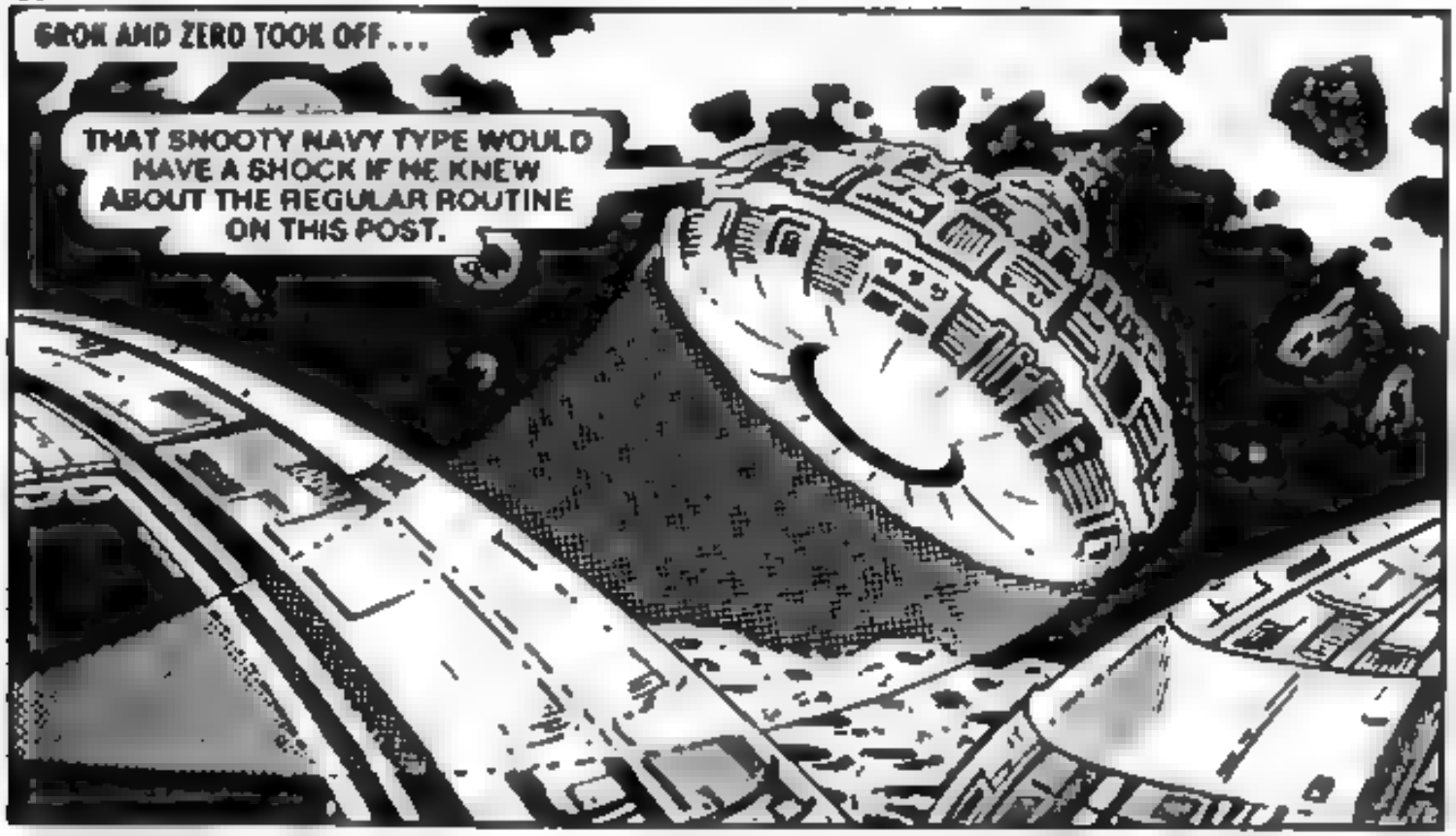
THIS'LL BE THE FEED FOR THE POWER AND NUTRIENTS KEEPING THAT CROOKED BRAIN TICKING OVER. BE SO EASY TO UNPLUG IT.
AW, NOW KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF. LISTEN! MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU.

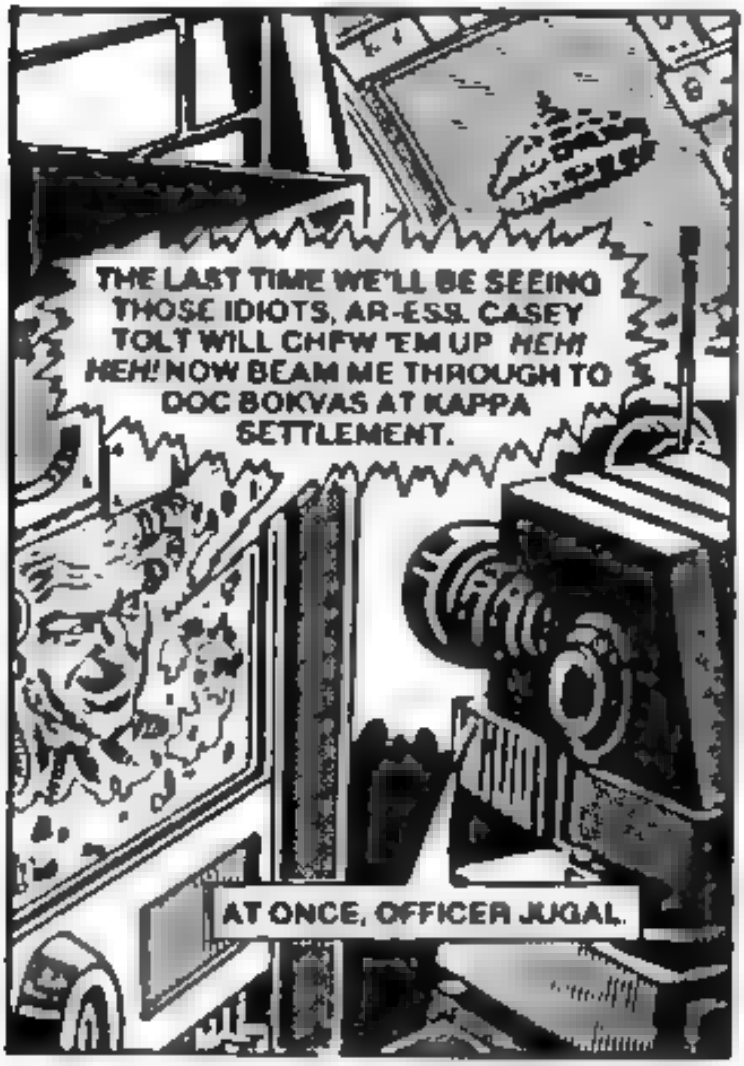
CASEY TOLT AND HIS BOYS HANG OUT IN A CRATER A SHORT HOP FROM HERE.
YOUR HELPFUL ADVICE WILL BE NOTED ON YOUR CHARGE SHEET, JUGAL. CONSIDER YOURSELF UNDER ARREST.

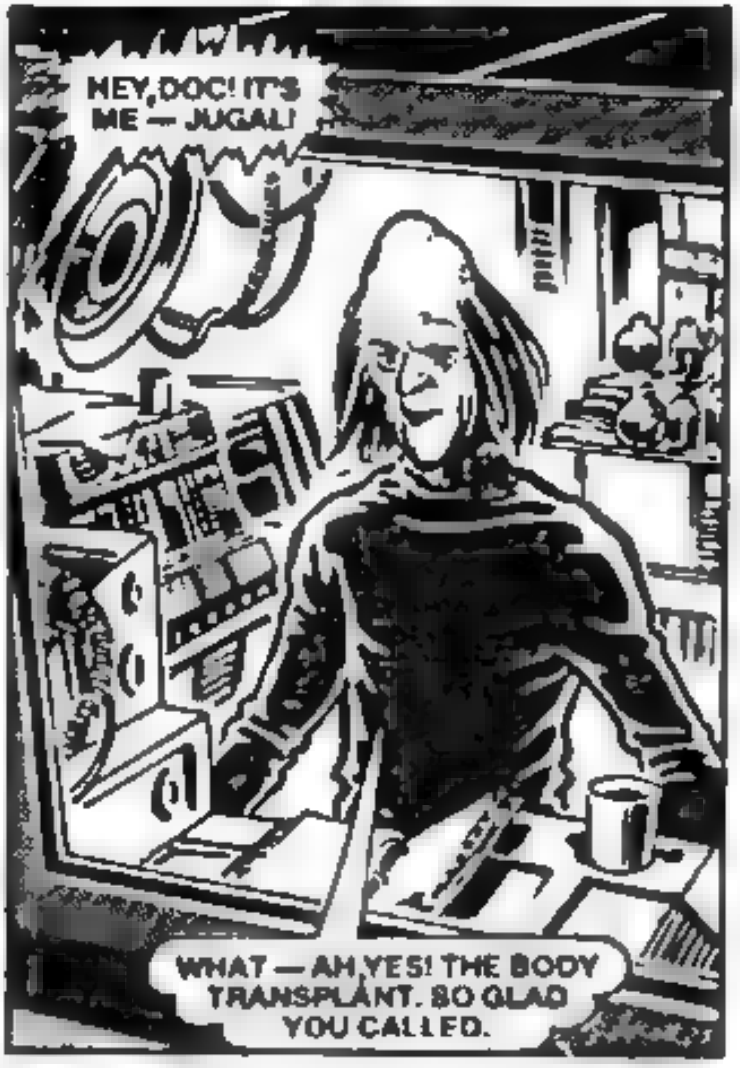
WOULD YOU REALLY HAVE PULLED THAT PLUG ON HIM?
HE THOUGHT I WOULD. NOW TO PICK UP THE LATEST ON THAT LAST JOB.

FEDERATION CRUISER IS NOW AT SCENE OF CRIME. FREIGHTER SAROS ROBBED OF VALUABLE CARGO OF AZURITE CRYSTAL — THREE LIFE-FORMS AMONG CREW IN REGENERATION FOLLOWING SEVERE INJURY . . .

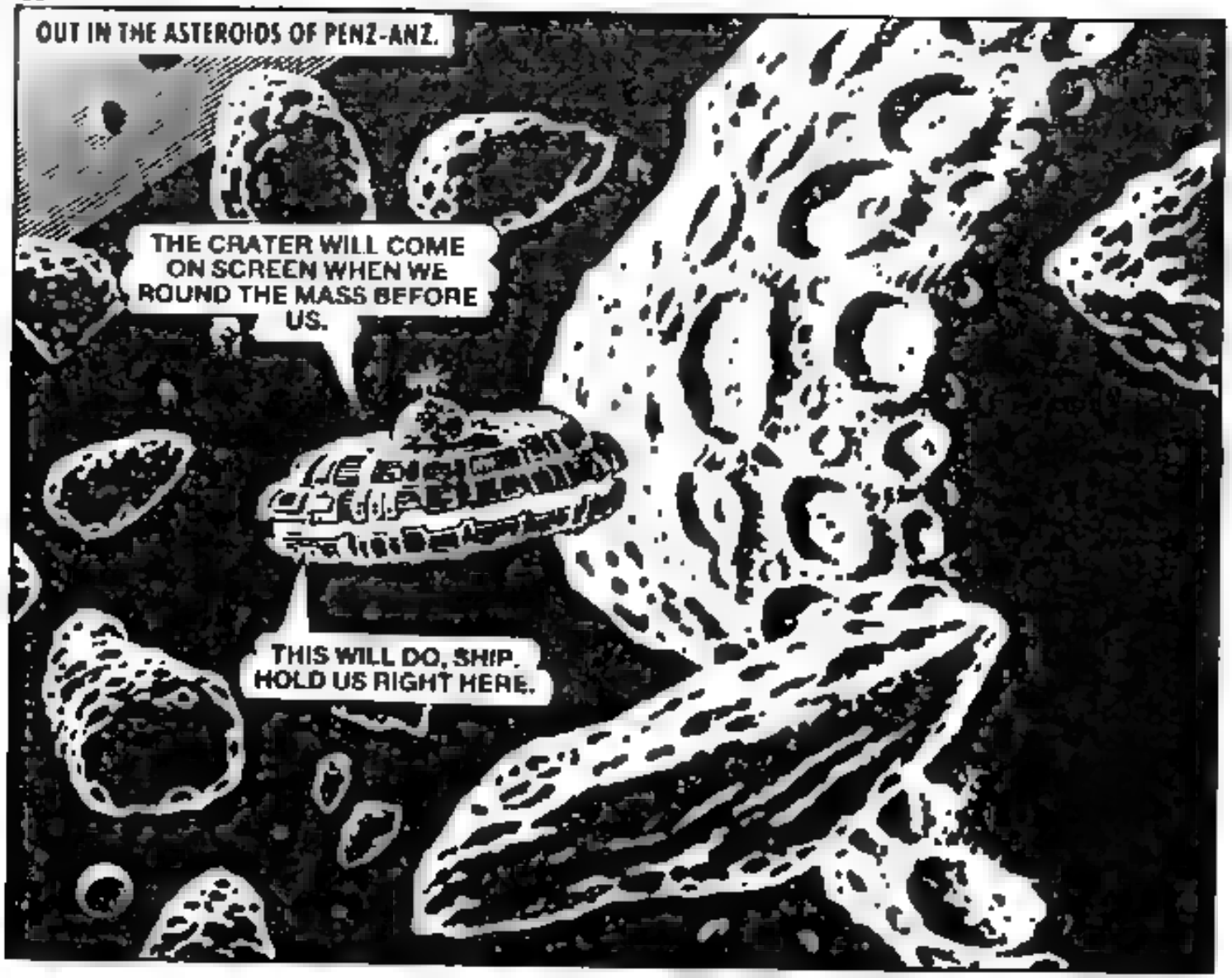

COMMANDER, THE PENZ-ANZ POLICE POST IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL.
THANKS, BUT THE NAVY CAN COPE. I SUGGEST YOU CARRY ON WITH YOUR REGULAR ROUTINE.


GROK AND ZERO TOOK OFF . . .
THAT SNOOTY NAVY TYPE WOULD HAVE A SHOCK IF HE KNEW ABOUT THE REGULAR ROUTINE ON THIS POST.

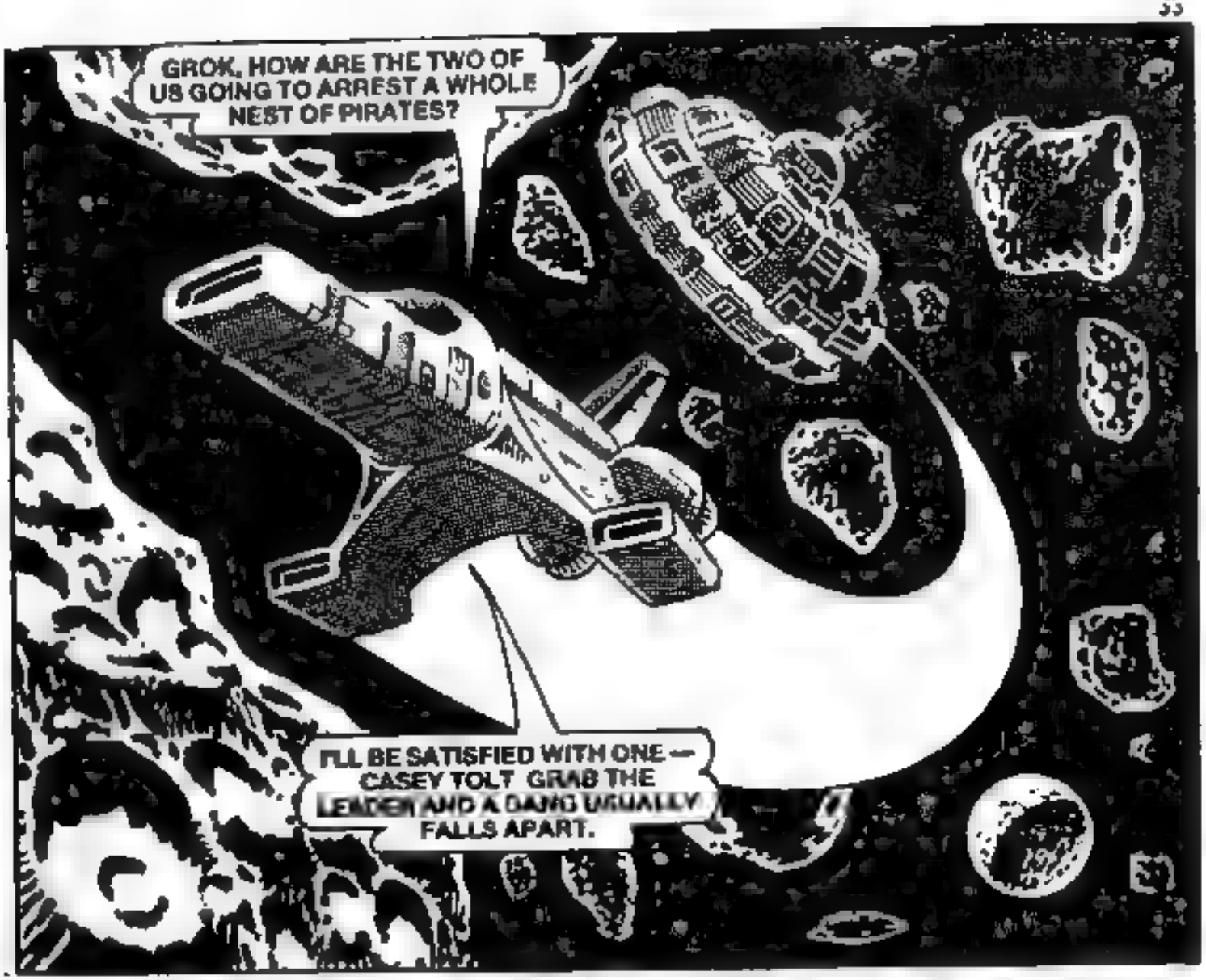

THE LAST TIME WE'LL BE SEEING THOSE IDIOTS, AR-ESS. CASEY TOLT WILL CHEW 'EM UP HEH! HEH! NOW BEAM ME THROUGH TO DOC BOKVAS AT KAPPA SETTLEMENT.
AT ONCE, OFFICER JUGAL.


HEY, DOC! IT'S ME — JUGAL!
WHAT — AH, YES! THE BODY TRANSPLANT. SO GLAD YOU CALLED.

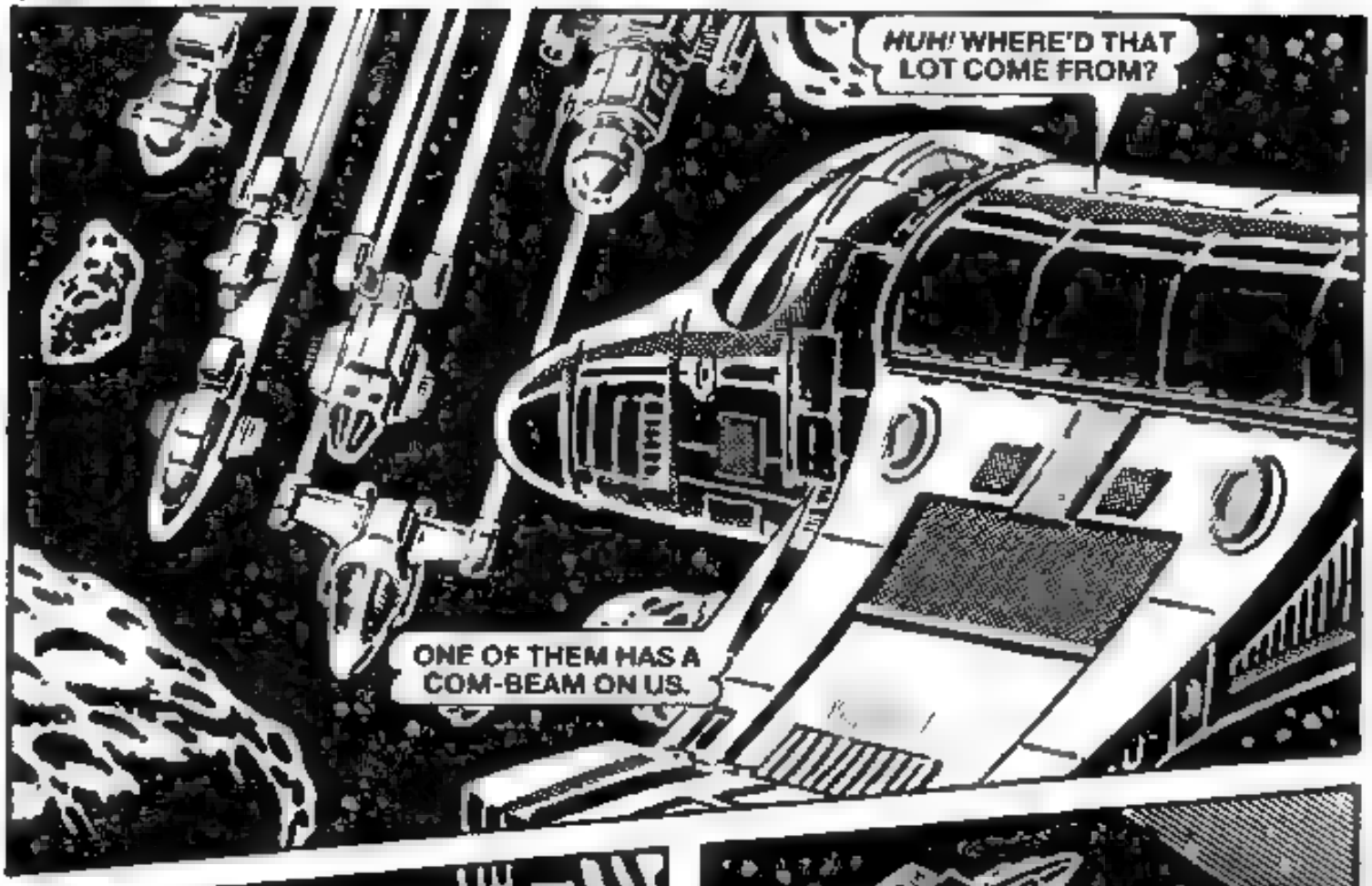
A HOLOGRAM OF THE ONLY DONOR I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE. I AM SURE YOUR HEAD WOULD TRANSPOSE QUITE NICELY.
URGH — DOC, THAT JUST WOULDN'T BE ME. YOU GOTTA COME UP WITH SOMETHING BETTER — AND FAST.
I DO HAVE A SUGGESTION — A TEMPORARY RECEPTACLE FOR YOUR CEREBRUM TILL A SUITABLE DONOR IS FOUND. SOMETHING MECHANICAL — A ROBOT.
ME IN A TIN SKIN! OH, ALL RIGHT, DOC, GET OUT HERE AND GET ON WITH IT.


OUT IN THE ASTEROIDS OF PENZ-ANZ.
THE CRATER WILL COME ON SCREEN WHEN WE ROUND THE MASS BEFORE US.
THIS WILL DO, SHIP. HOLD US RIGHT HERE.

THOSE RASCALS ARE BOUND TO HAVE A SCAN ON ALL SPACE APPROACHES— SO WE'LL TRY SLIPPING IN THE BACK DOOR BY SHUTTLE.

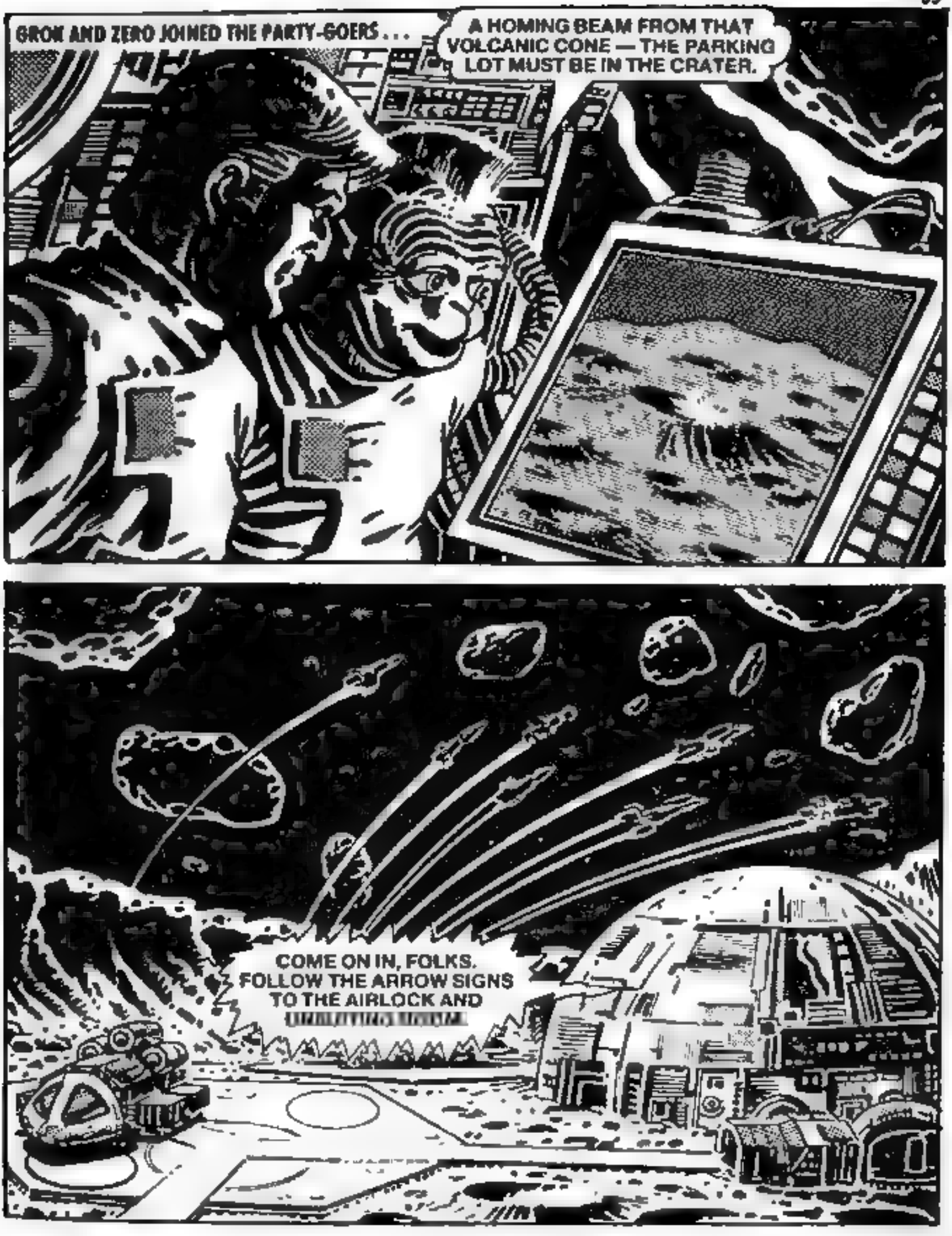

GROK, HOW ARE THE TWO OF US GOING TO ARREST A WHOLE NEST OF PIRATES?
I'LL BE SATISFIED WITH ONE — CASEY TOLT GRAB THE LEADER AND A DAMN UGUALLY FALLS APART.

A CLASSICAL EXAMPLE OF UNDETECTED APPROACH ON A QUARRY.
I'M VERY IMPRESSED — THOUGH WE DO APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN SPOTTED.


HUH! WHERE'D THAT LOT COME FROM?
ONE OF THEM HAS A COM-BEAM ON US.

HI, THERE! COPS, EH? NOBODY TOLD US THE PARTY WAS FANCY DRESS!
PARTY?

CASEY'S PARTY — OLD CASEY ALWAYS THROWS ONE AFTER A BIT OF BUSINESS.
ER — OH, SURE! GOOD OLD CASEY'S PARTY.


GROK AND ZERO JOINED THE PARTY-GOERS . . .
A HOMING BEAM FROM THAT VOLCANIC CONE — THE PARKING LOT MUST BE IN THE CRATER.
COME ON IN, FOLKS. FOLLOW THE ARROW SIGNS TO THE AIRLOCK AND

OFFICER ZERO, WE'LL PLAY THIS BY EAR. JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD.
I'LL DO MY BEST, BUT LET'S HOPE THERE ISN'T ANY DANCING.
COP UNIFORMS! THIS AIN'T FANCY-DRESS!
WE'RE THE NEW BOYS AT THE STATION. JUST DROPPED IN TO PAY OUR RESPECTS.

SOME FUN, HUH! AIN'T NOBODY THROWS A PARTY LIKE THE BOSS!

A PLEASURE TO MEET MY NEW PARTNERS. I WAS THINKING OF CALLING, BUT I'M KINDA SHY ABOUT VISITING COPSHOPS. HAW! HAW!
HAW! HAW!

GROK SUDDENLY PRODUCED A LENGTH OF METAL WHICH ENCIRCLED CASEY —
HAW! HAW! HEY, WHAT'S THIS . . .?
YOU ARE NICKED. HAW! HAW!
I'M WITH YOU, BOSS.
NOW, THAT'S NOT NICE!
NEITHER'S THIS . . . BUT IT'S VERY SATISFYING.

I SAY . . . BREAKDANCING!
PARTY'S OVER, FOLKS. THESE ARE REAL COPS. IT'S A GENUINE RAID.
COPS? COPS!

LET'S GET OUTA HERE.
YOU COPS BETTER LET GO OF THE BOSS UNLESS YOU WANNA BE BLASTED.
THEY MEAN IT, OFFICERS! MY LADS HATE TO BE PARTED FROM ME

MISTER, YOU ARE IN AN UNHEALTHY SITUATION SHOULD BLASTING COMMENCE.
BOYS — BACK OFF! THIS COP HAS A REASONABLE POINT.
DON'T WORRY, BOSS! WE'LL BE LOOKING OUT FOR YOU.
THEY ARE SO DEVOTED TO ME. YOU FELLOWS ARE ONLY BUILDING TROUBLE FOR YOURSELVES.
THE PRISONER WAS HURRIED ABOARD THE SHUTTLE . . .
A CONSIDERABLE TRAFFIC JAM OF DEPARTING PARTY-GOERS.
WE'LL HAVE TO SHUNT THROUGH. POLICE BUSINESS HAS PRIORITY.

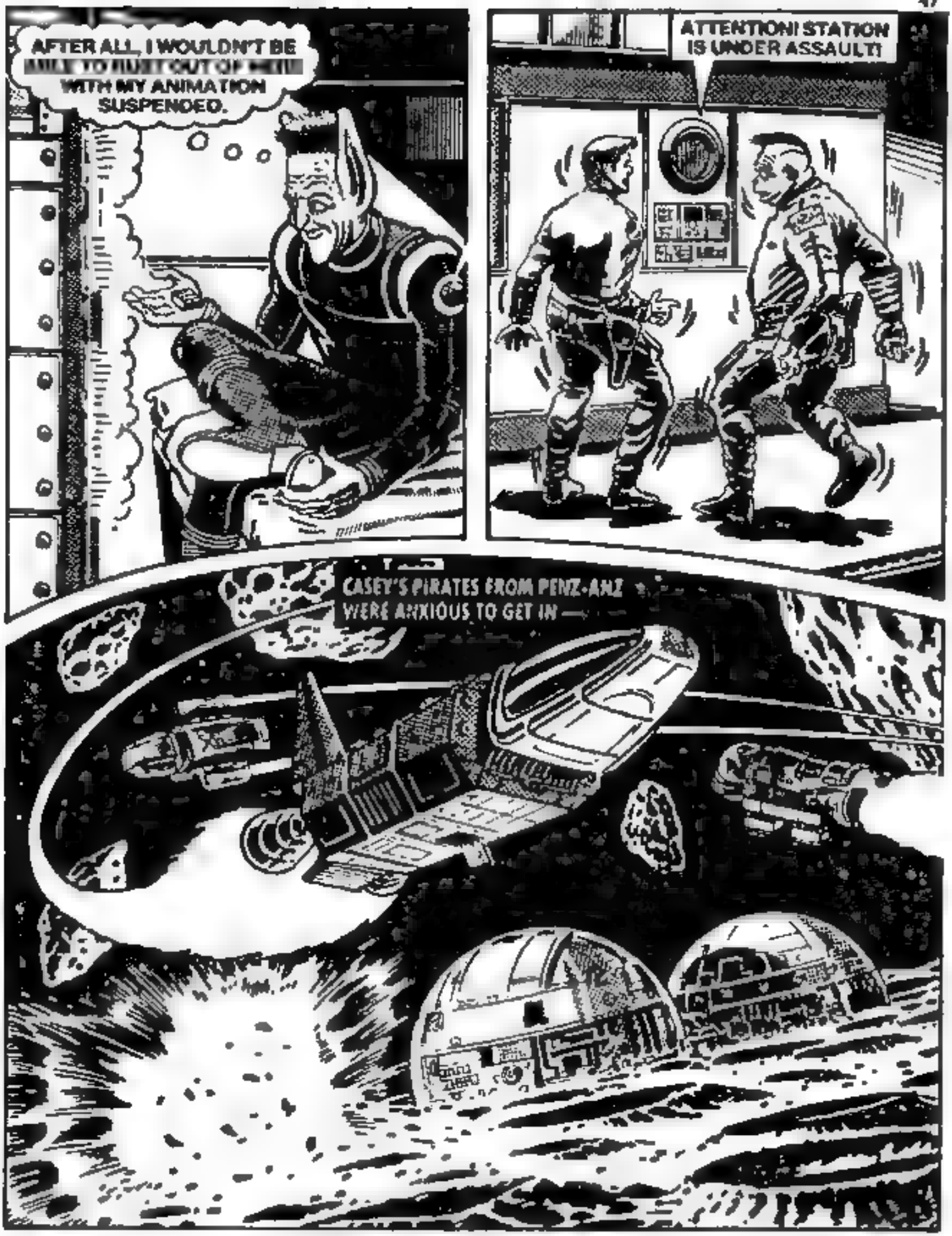
PUT THE BOOT DOWN!
SPACE-HOG!
SHIP. WE ARE COMING ABOARD. MAKE READY FOR IMMEDIATE RETURN TO STATION.

REMEMBER PROCEDURE, OFFICER ZERO. READ THE PRISONER HIS RIGHTS
ER — OH YES CASEY TOLD BY FEDERATION LAW I MUST ADVISE YOU OF YOUR ENTITLEMENT TO ONE WARPBEAM CALL TO YOUR LEGAL CONSULTANT
TRUTH INDUCING DRUGS MAY NOT BE ADMINISTERED WITHOUT SUCH CONSULTANT BEING PRESENT —
HUSH IT! WE ARE BEING TAILED

NOW YOU SEE THE DEEP LOYALTY I INSPIRE IN MY BOYS, COPS — DUE MOSTLY TO ME BEING THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WHERE OUR LOOT IS HIDDEN.
AT LEAST IT'LL SAVE US GOING OUT LOOKING FOR THE GANG.
AT THE POLICE STATION DOCK . . .
HOW DID THAT CLAPPED-OUT SHUTTLE GET IN AFTER ME CHANGING THE ENTRANCE CODE?

VISITOR IS ONE DOCTOR BOKVAS OF KAAPA ASTEROID. HE WAS ADMITTED BY ORDER OF OFFICER JUGUL.
RETIRED DEADBEATS DO NOT GIVE ORDERS ON MY STATION. MAYBE IT'S TIME I
SYNTHESIZER.
THE STASIS CABINET'S GONE. WHERE IS JUGUL?
OFFICER JUGUL ORDERED ME TO REMOVE HIM TO STATION SICKBAY. HE IS NOW HAVING A BODY TRANSPLANT COURTESY OF DOCTOR BOKVAS . . .

DOCTOR BORVAS WAS FINISHING OFF SOME WELDING —
MEANWHILE —
YOU HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF DORMANCY INDUCED BY ANY LEGAL MEANS.
I'LL STAY WAKEFUL, COP. I LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.

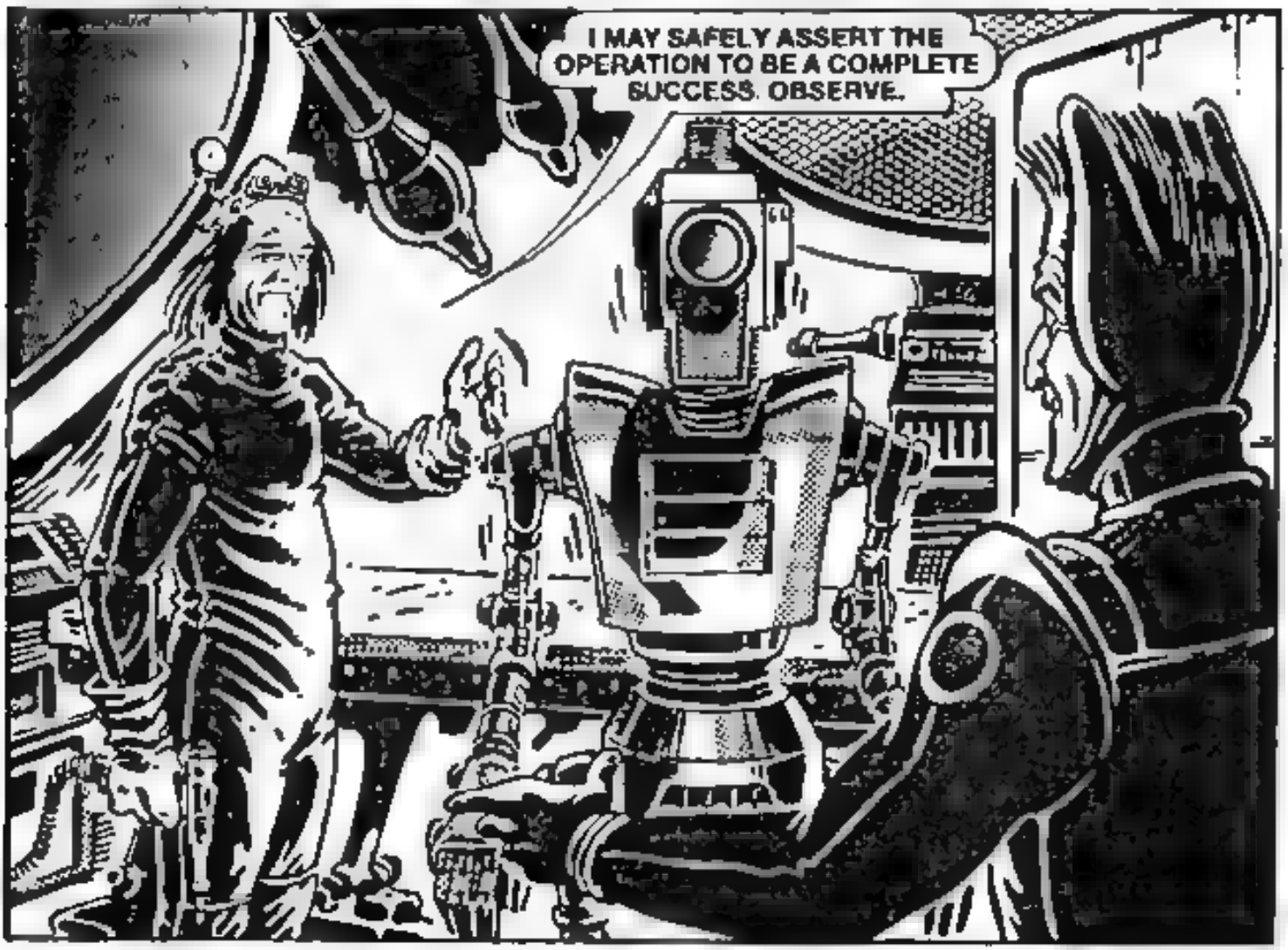

AFTER ALL, I WOULDN'T BE
WITH MY ANIMATION
SUSPENDED.
ATTENTION! STATION
IS UNDER ASSAULT!
CASEY'S PIRATES FROM PENZ-ANZ
WERE ANXIOUS TO GET IN —

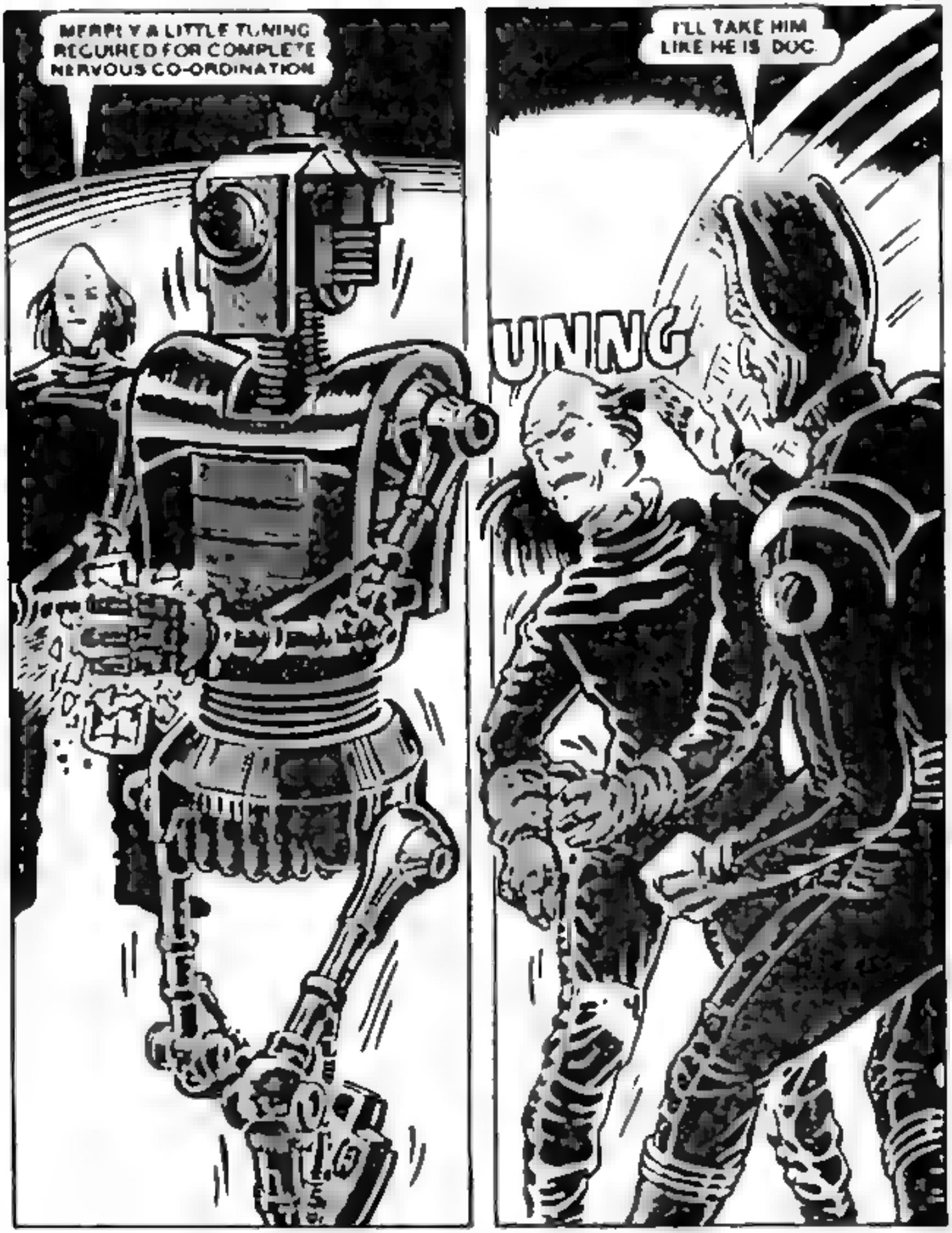
JUST SMALL CHEMICAL BOMBS, BUT THEY COULD MAKE A MESS OF YOUR NICK, COP. YOU'D BETTER HAND OVER CASEY UNLESS YOU WANT US TO BLAST IN AND TAKE HIM.
THAT DOES IT! THE WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU CAN CONSIDER YOURSELVES UNDER ARREST!

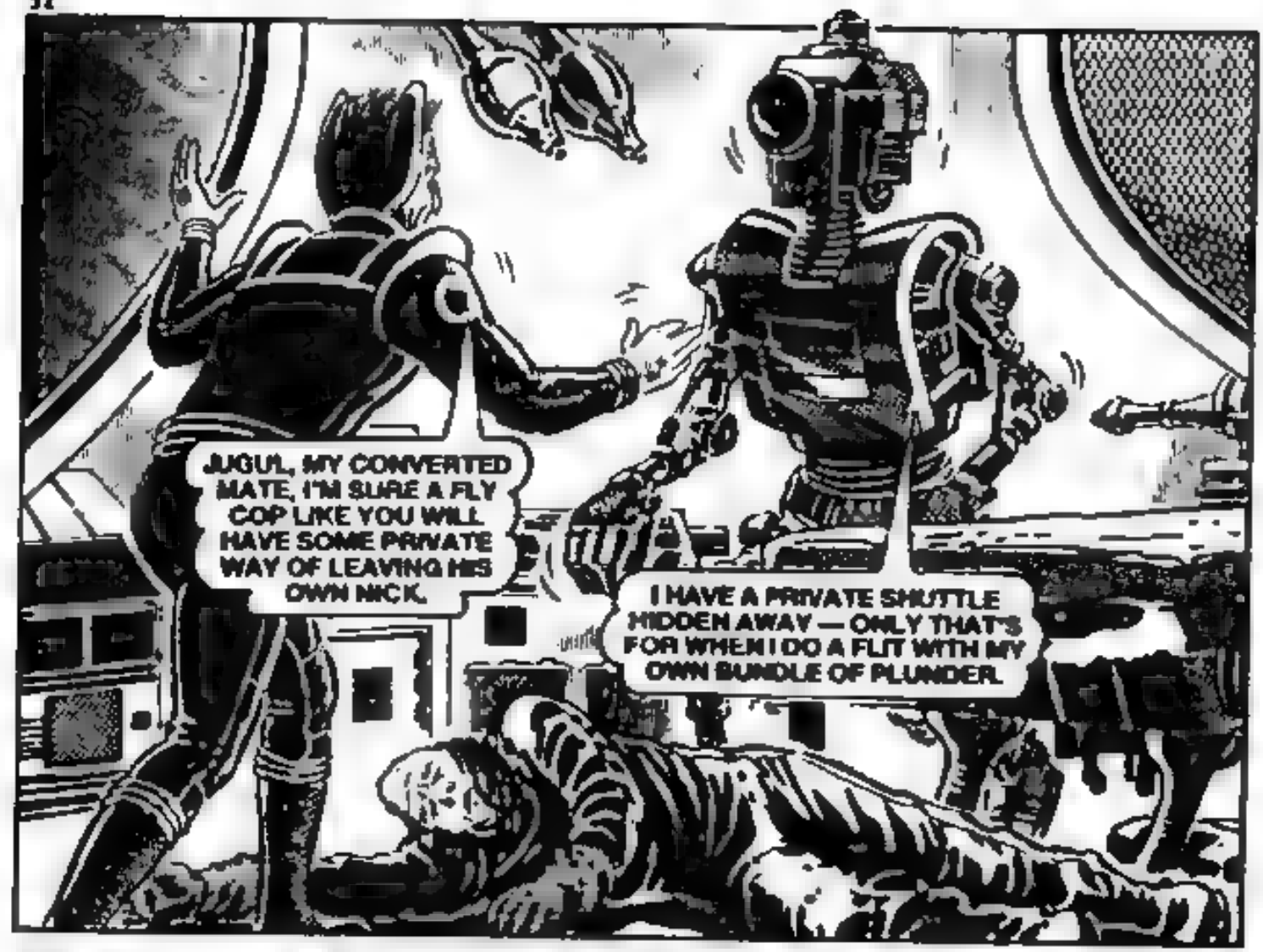
THE STATION ARMAMENT LOCKER WAS INSPECTED . . .
AN OLD PHOTIC-SLAMMER! I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE STILL ON ISSUE.
THEY AIN'T! THEY WERE WITHDRAWN TWENTY YEARS BACK AS BEING TOO BRUTAL FOR USE ON VILLAINS — WHICH REALLY APPEALS TO ME RIGHT NOW.

REGULATIONS STATE THE SENIOR OFFICER MAY NOT ABANDON ANY POST IN HAZARD — WHICH MEANS I SHOULD BE THE ONE TO GO OUT.
NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I'M NOT TURNING YOU LOOSE ON THE GALAXY WITH A DANGEROUS WEAPON.
CASEY TOLT WAS BUSY . . .
ALWAYS BEING PREPARED CAN PAY OFF AT TIMES LIKES THIS.
PARDON ME, BUT YOU ARE A PRISONER AND NOT ALLOWED TO LEAVE CONFINEMENT.
BUT I AM STILL WITHIN THE POLICE STATION.

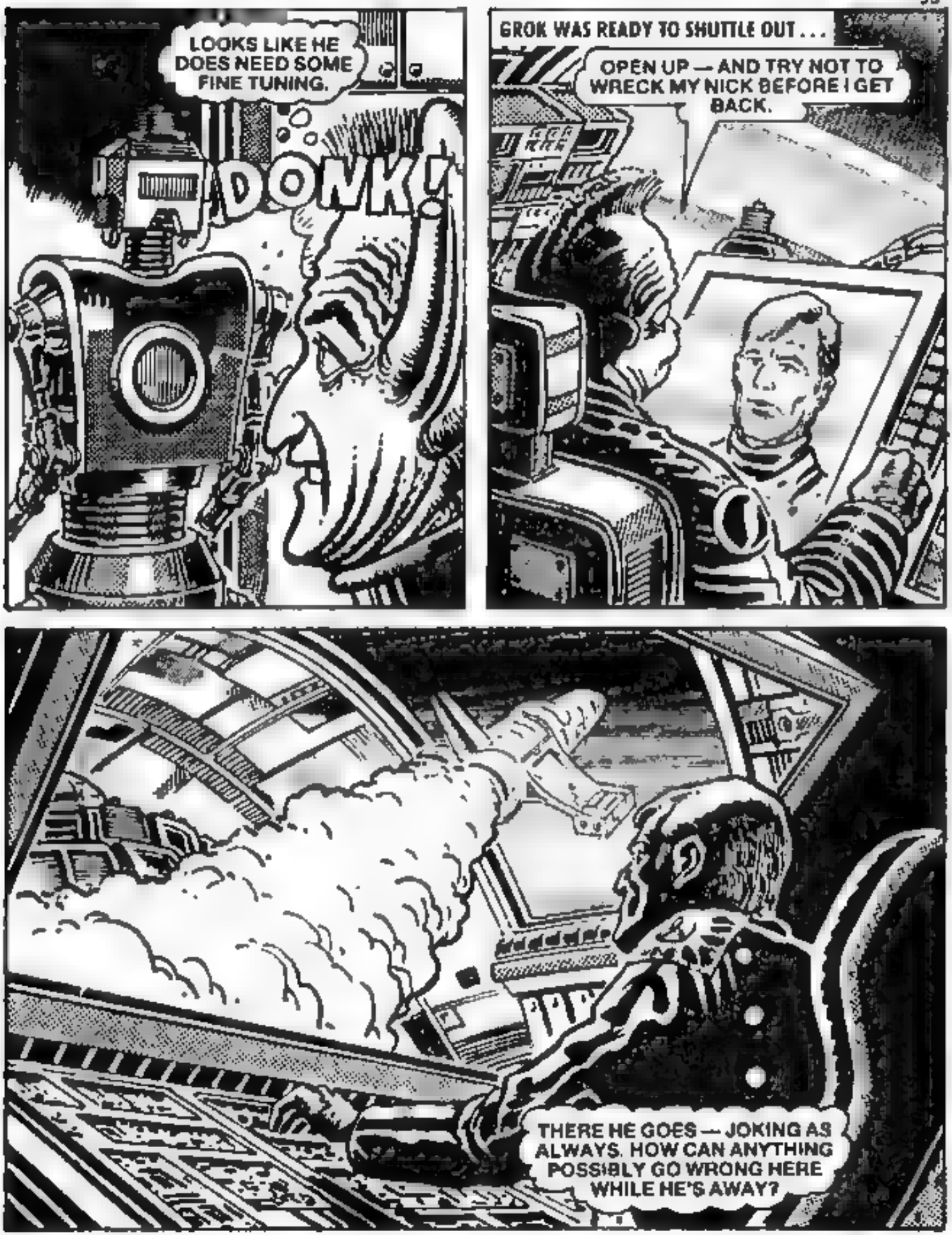
STATEMENT COMPUTES AS LOGICAL.
HI, DOC! JUST DROPPED IN TO SEE HOW MY OLD FRIEND OFFICER JUGUL IS MAKING OUT.

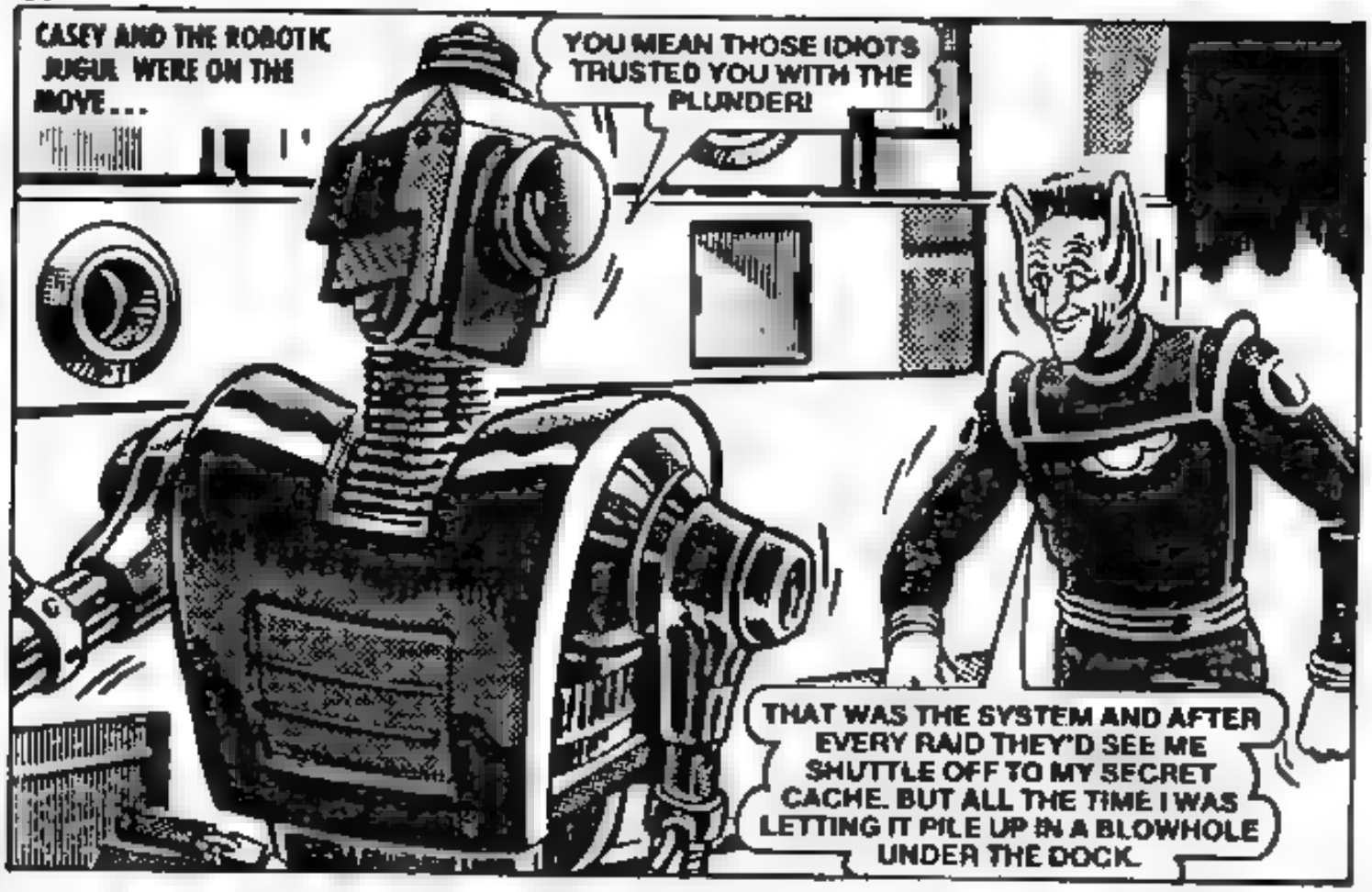

I MAY SAFELY ASSERT THE OPERATION TO BE A COMPLETE SUCCESS. OBSERVE.

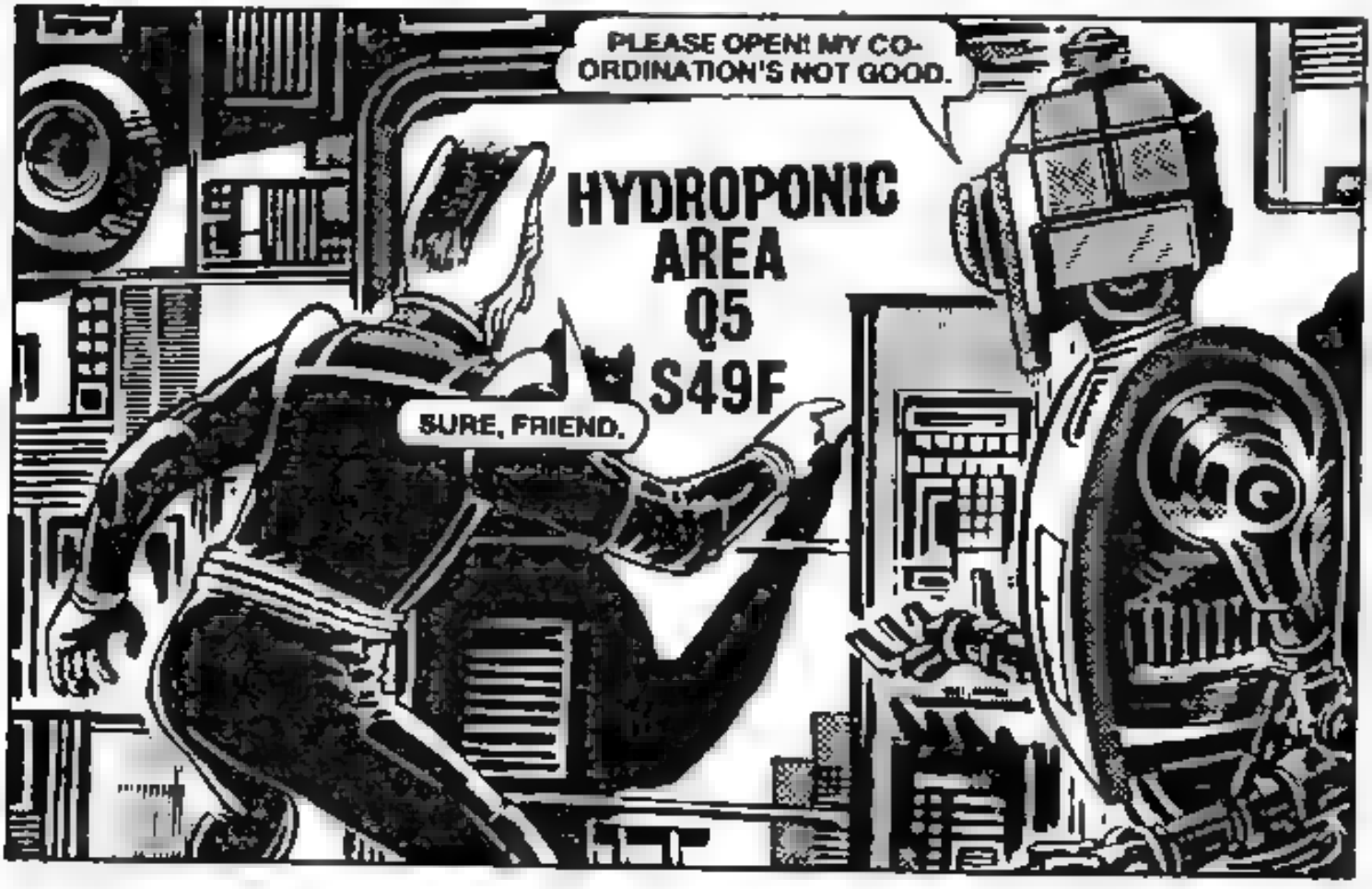

MERELY A LITTLE TUNING REQUIRED FOR COMPLETE NERVOUS CO-ORDINATION
I'LL TAKE HIM LIKE HE IS DOC.
UNNG


JUGUL, MY CONVERTED MATE, I'M SURE A FLY COP LIKE YOU WILL HAVE SOME PRIVATE WAY OF LEAVING HIS OWN NICK.
I HAVE A PRIVATE SHUTTLE HIDDEN AWAY — ONLY THAT'S FOR WHEN I DO A FLIT WITH MY OWN BUNDLE OF PLUNDER.

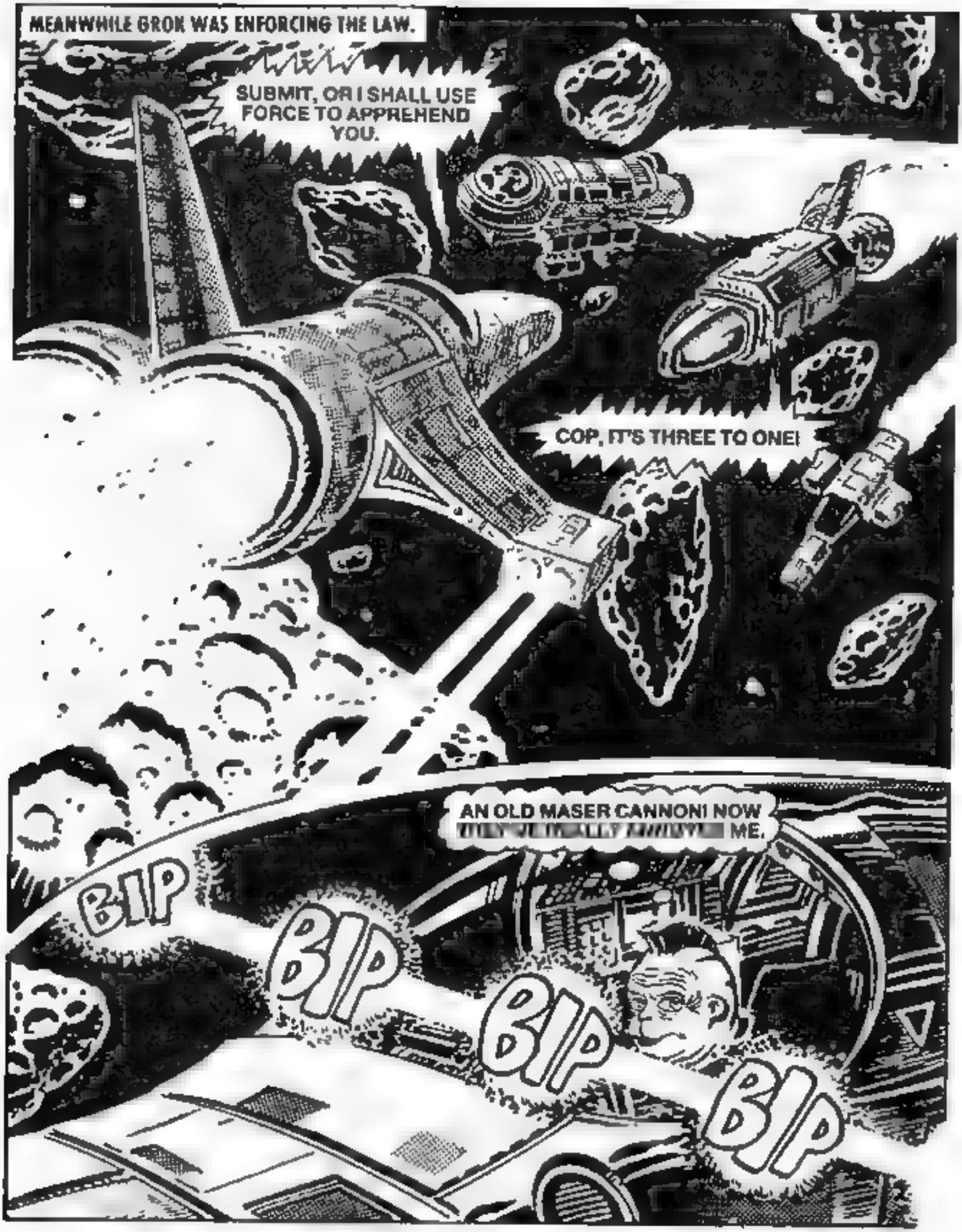
FORGET YOUR PIFFLING SAVINGS — I'M OFFERING YOU A SHARE OF MY LOOT.
NOW YOU'RE TALKING! ... LET'S GO.


LOOKS LIKE HE DOES NEED SOME FINE TUNING.
DONK!
GROK WAS READY TO SHUTTLE OUT . . .
OPEN UP — AND TRY NOT TO WRECK MY NICK BEFORE I GET BACK.
THERE HE GOES — JOKING AS ALWAYS. HOW CAN ANYTHING POSSIBLY GO WRONG HERE WHILE HE'S AWAY?


CASEY AND THE ROBOTIC JUGUL WERE ON THE MOVE . . .
YOU MEAN THOSE IDIOTS TRUSTED YOU WITH THE PLUNDER!
THAT WAS THE SYSTEM AND AFTER EVERY RAID THEY'D SEE ME SHUTTLE OFF TO MY SECRET CACHE. BUT ALL THE TIME I WAS LETTING IT PILE UP IN A BLOWHOLE UNDER THE DOCK.

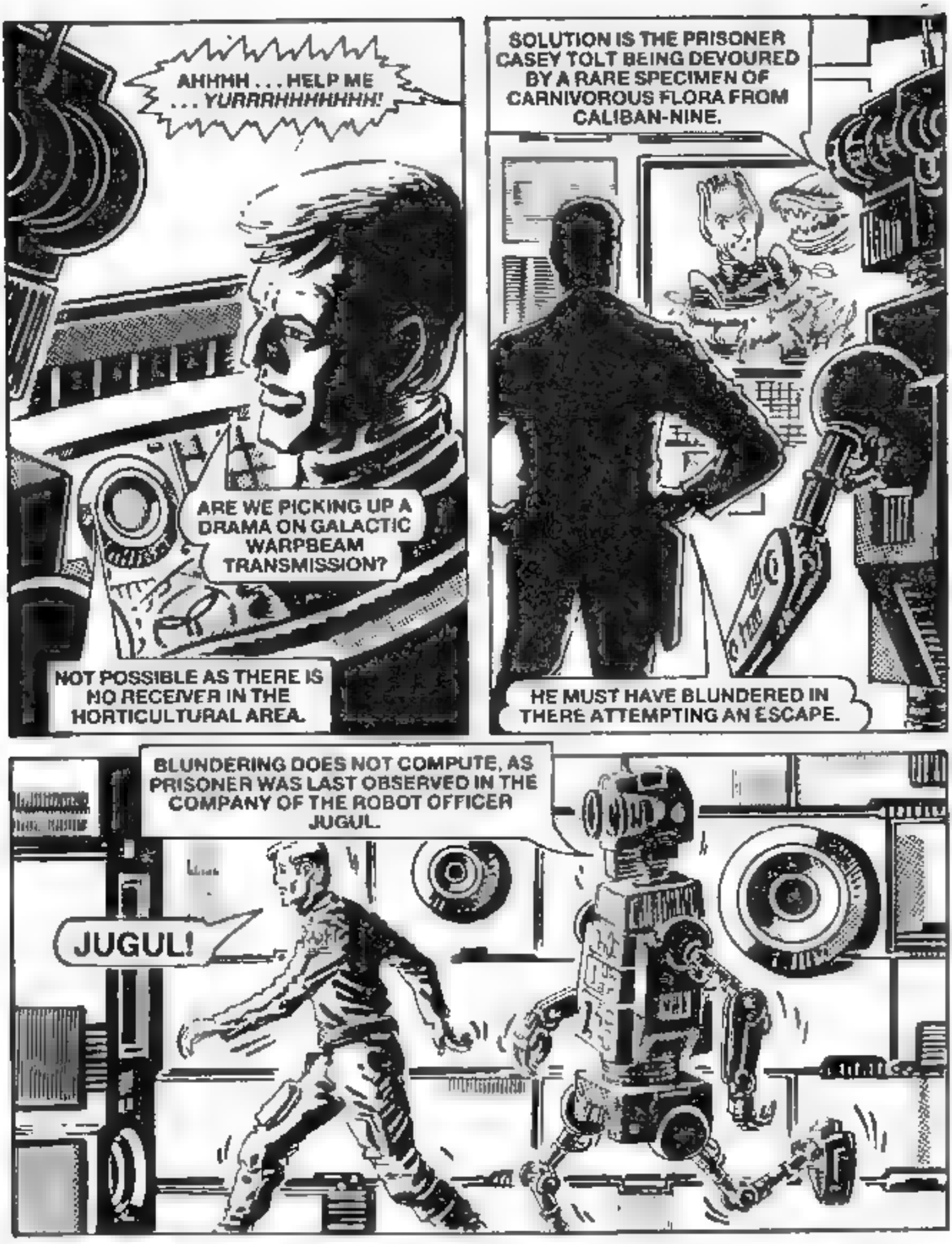

PLEASE OPEN! MY CO-ORDINATION'S NOT GOOD.
HYDROPONIC AREA Q5 S49F
SURE, FRIEND.

I'M OFFERING YOU A QUARTER FOR THE USE OF YOUR SHUTTLE.
A GENEROUS OFFER.
HEY, WHAT THE . . . GET THIS MAN-EATING WEED OFF ME.
BUT I PREFER TO TAKE ALL NOW I KNOW WHERE IT'S HIDDEN.


MEANWHILE GROK WAS ENFORCING THE LAW.
SUBMIT, OR I SHALL USE FORCE TO APPREHEND YOU.
COP, IT'S THREE TO ONE!
AN OLD MASER CANNON! NOW [illegible] ME.
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP
BIP

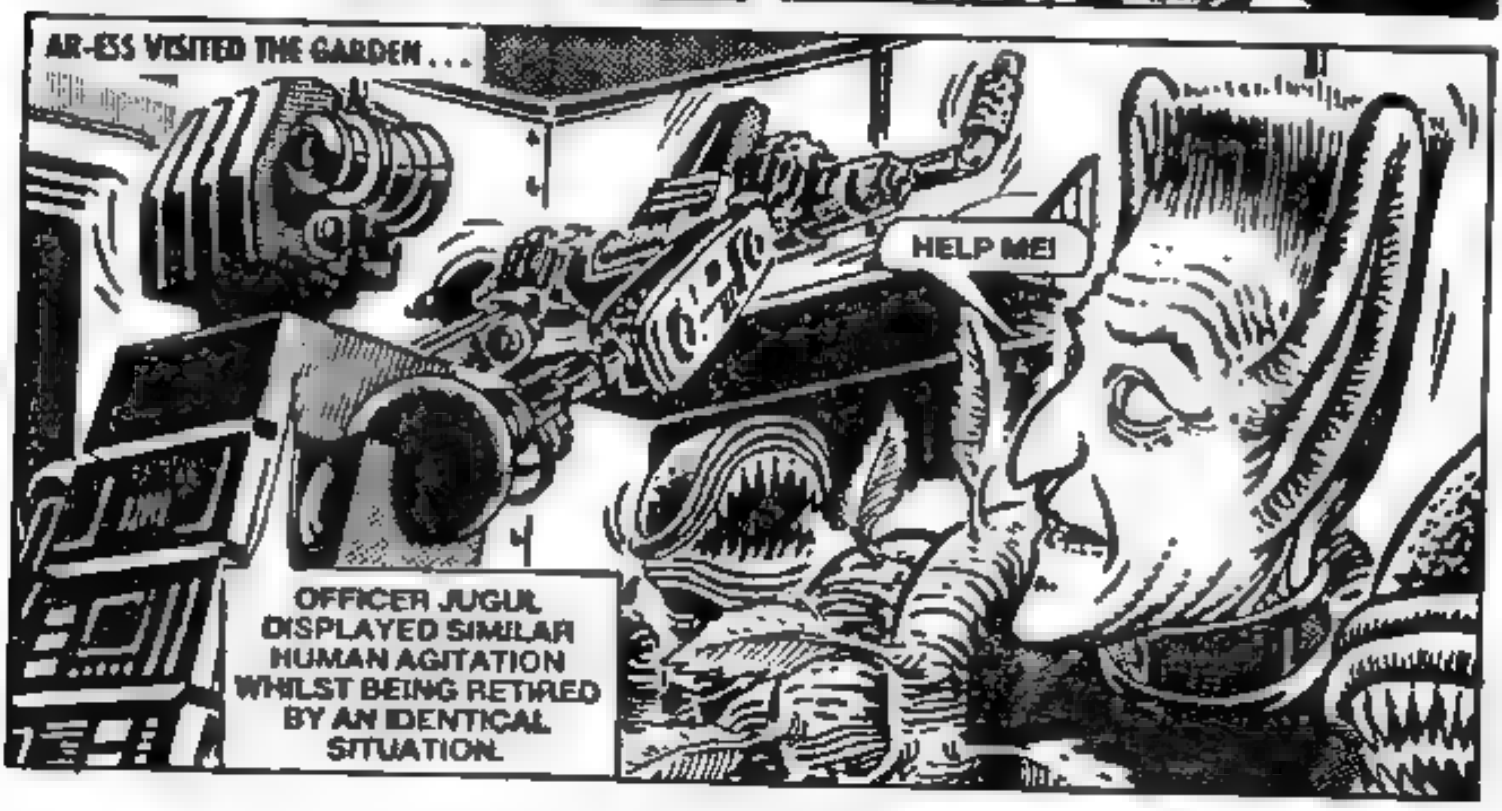
GROK OPENED UP WITH THE PHOTIC-SLAMMER — A LASER RAY OF INTENSE BRILLIANCE...
ARGH!
QUICK — THE SOLAR SCREENS!
CAN'T SEE A THING — TOO LATE NOW!

DAZZLED, THE CREW COULDN'T AVOID AN ASTEROID—
GROBBO— LOOK OUT!
OFFICER, WE SURRENDER DON'T USE THAT WEAPON AGAIN.
MAKE A LANDING CLOSE TO THAT WRECK —THEN SUIT UP AND GET OUT.
I'LL BE WALKING THEM IN ONCE THEY'VE SALVAGED ANYTHING LEFT OF THEIR MATES.
NICE WORK, OFFICER GROK. LET ME ASSURE YOU THAT ALL IS WELL AT THE STATION.


AHHHH . . . HELP ME . . . YURRRHHHHHH!
ARE WE PICKING UP A DRAMA ON GALACTIC WARPBEAM TRANSMISSION?
NOT POSSIBLE AS THERE IS NO RECEIVER IN THE HORTICULTURAL AREA.
SOLUTION IS THE PRISONER CASEY TOLT BEING DEVOURED BY A RARE SPECIMEN OF CARNIVOROUS FLORA FROM CALIBAN-NINE.
HE MUST HAVE BLUNDERED IN THERE ATTEMPTING AN ESCAPE.
BLUNDERING DOES NOT COMPUTE, AS PRISONER WAS LAST OBSERVED IN THE COMPANY OF THE ROBOT OFFICER JUGUL.
JUGUL!

JUGUL'S GONE. WHERE WOULD HE BE?
WHEN SEEKING HIM I TRY FIRST HIS GARDEN, OR HIS SHUTTLE DOCK.

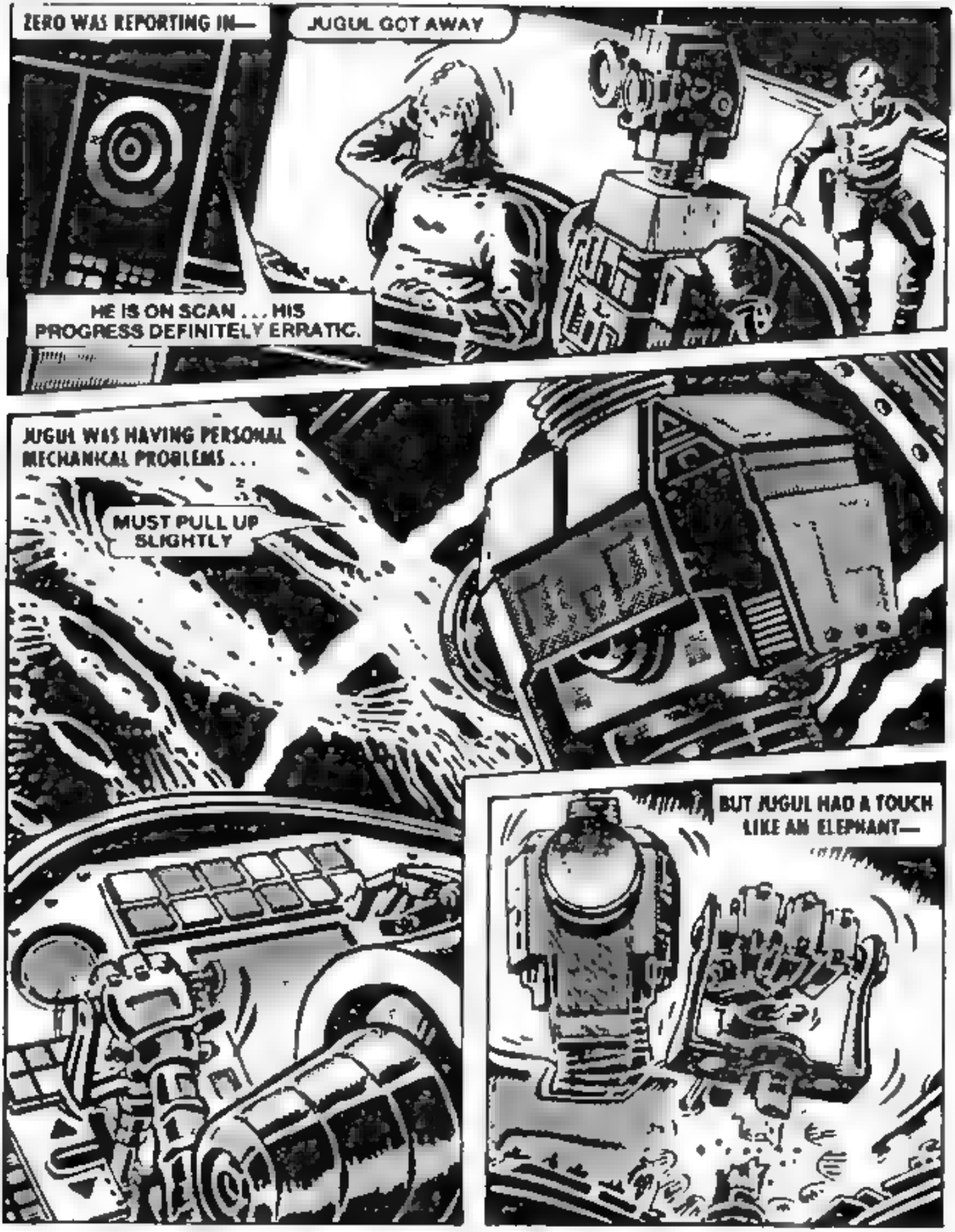
I'LL LOOK FOR HIM THERE WHILE YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT CASEY TOLT.


AR-ESS VISITED THE GARDEN . . .
HELP ME!
OFFICER JUGUL DISPLAYED SIMILAR HUMAN AGITATION WHILST BEING RETIRED BY AN IDENTICAL SITUATION.

I ANTICIPATE BEING ABLE TO SAVE MOST OF YOU.
ARGHH!
ZERO DESCENDED TO THE LOWEST LEVEL . . .
A HATCHWAY! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SHUT WHEN I CAME DOWN BEFORE.

HEY — YOU! JUGUL! YOU ARE UNDER ARRE[illegible].
NOT EXACTLY, LAD — DUE TO MY JUST HAVING ACTIVATED THE MECHANISM ON THE OUTER LOCK, I CAN MANAGE WITHOUT AIR, BUT I DOUBT YOU CAN.
IT'S TRUE! THIS DOCK'S ABOUT TO TURN INTO A VACUUM.
THE HATCH . . . GOT TO . . .

MADE IT . . . I THINK!
A FLIP TO THE OTHER SIDE OF PENZ-ANZ FOR THE LOOT, THEN SOME ASTEROID HOPPING TILL I FIND A WARPFREIGHT WILLING TO TAKE ON A PASSENGER.
JUGUL TOOK OFF . . .
OFFICER GROK WAS HERDING IN HIS PRISONERS . . .
WHERE THE COSMOGONY DID THAT SHUTTLE COME FROM?


ZERO WAS REPORTING IN—
JUGUL GOT AWAY
HE IS ON SCAN . . . HIS PROGRESS DEFINITELY ERRATIC.
JUGUL WAS HAVING PERSONAL MECHANICAL PROBLEMS . . .
MUST PULL UP SLIGHTLY
BUT JUGUL HAD A TOUCH LIKE AN ELEPHANT—

WHOOF!
GROK ORGANISED A TIDYING-UP . . .
PRISONERS WISH TO COMPLAIN ABOUT BEING COMPELLED TO ENGAGE IN PHYSICAL LABOUR.
COMPLAINT DISMISSED!
IT SO HAPPENS I HAVE SOME SUITABLE DONORS IF YOU DECIDE ON A BODY TRANSPLANT FOR THESE TWO.
THANKS, DOC, BUT I'D RATHER JUGUL AND CASEY TOLT STAYED BOXED TILL THEIR TRIAL COMES ROUND.

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